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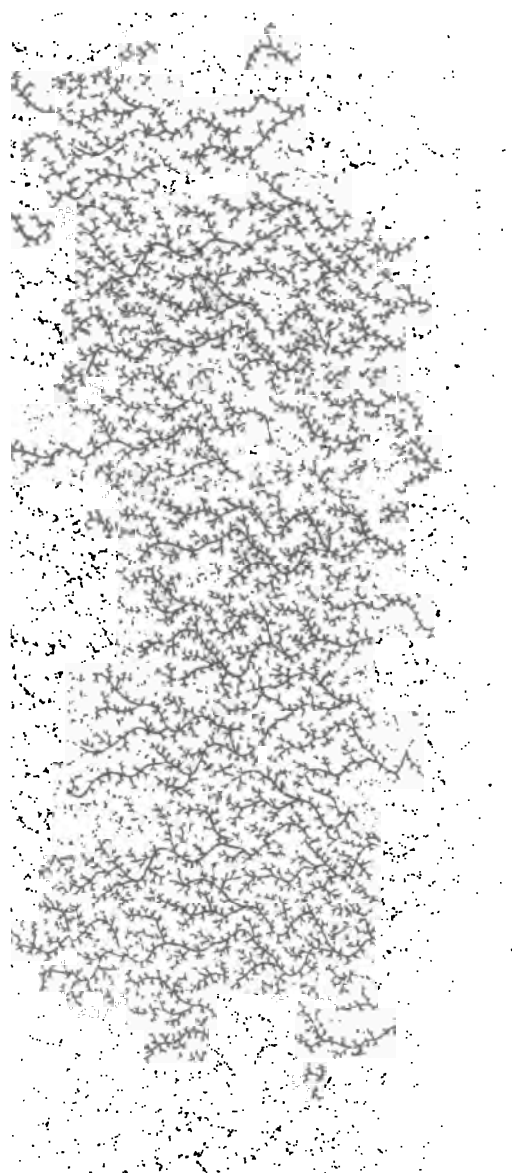
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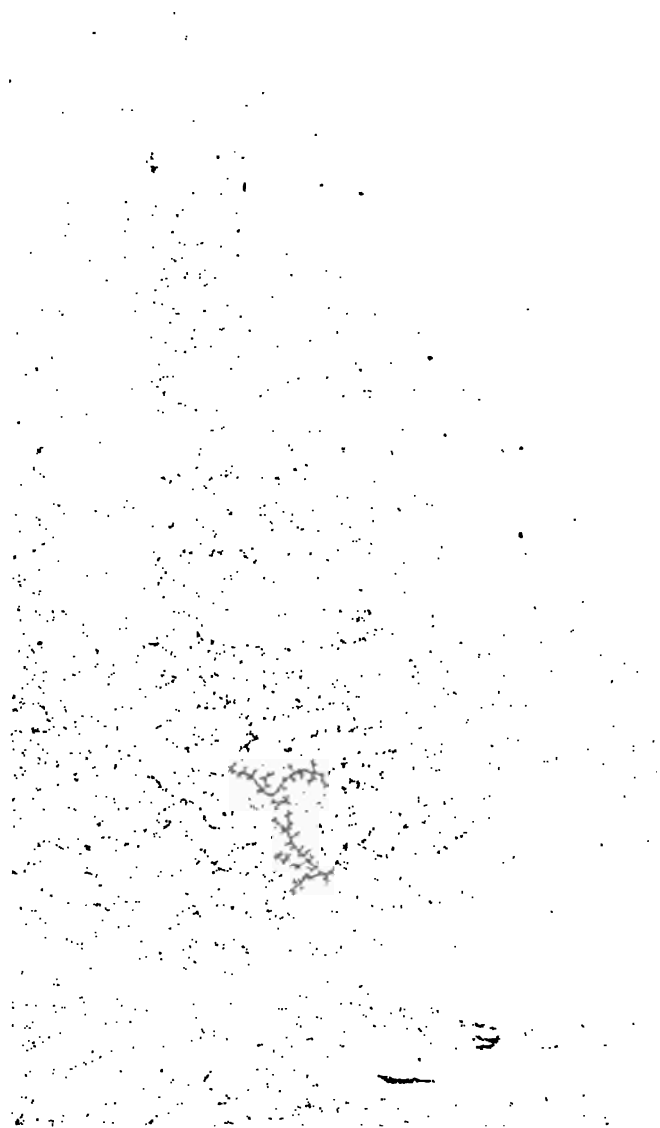
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To the Rev Mr. Hiseox - And
Mr. Hiseox - with the -
Author's, respectful Compl.

March 29. 1859

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Mar. 22.
—
N.C.



2

2

CONVICTION.

A POEM.

BY ANNA JANE MACLEAN.

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With hair so light, and Eyes so blue
And laugh so joyous, that it made
All hearts that heard it joyous too

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A Tale of Killarney.

BY

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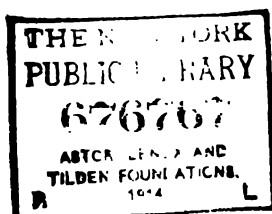
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1852.



Bejn mo Chruic toð' halla rean?

~~~~~  
 “Má žhjo ðon fyle tá ðin fán ðn ðonari,  
 A téaða žnéarað ðž žabáil ðn nōð;  
 Žon rnuðin ðhájñ ðin ð mážirrejn óéinžioð,  
 Bhúin b-fjoir-žean ð húržlað to náoioe na  
 nann!”

“Take my harp to your ancient hall.

—— If some bard who roams forsaken

Revive its soft note in passing along,

O! let a thought of its master waken

Your warmest smile for the child of song.”

MOORE.

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## TO THE READER.

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NOTWITHSTANDING the very flattering reception vouchsafed to "Conviction," still I must confess it would have saved me much nervous trepidation had I published it anonymously ; for notwithstanding the alarming progress very recently made by many of my fair contemporaries in a *manly* independance of character as well as in their *masculine costume*, I must after all acknowledge it is with no little hesitancy I again appear before the public as the author of "Eman More."

As an anonymous scribbler I should not tremble at my own boldness in submitting a story, for the original idea of which I must refer the reader to the very "prosaic introduction" which precedes the "poetic" portion of the little volume I have now the honor of presenting for public approbation.

To those subscribers whose names grace my pages, and to those who have honoured me with their private patronage, I tender my best thanks, and should my efforts to please, however feebly expressed, serve but to fill up the vacancy of an idle hour, or to vary the monotony of sterner studies, it will afford me extreme gratification to find that what I originally wrote simply to please myself, has been exalted to the much more enviable pre-eminence of pleasing others.



## INTRODUCTION.

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NOBODY *dreams* now—or perhaps I should say nobody is supposed to indulge in so obsolete a habit as that of *dreaming*—we should have lived in the halcyon days of Shakespeare, and have taken a “midsummer night’s” ramble with Titania and her companions, even at the risk of paying heart-homage to an ass—a risk which is out of all question in this wide-awake age—or have imbibed inspiration from the breezes that warbled melodiously through the hallowed bowers of Kilcolman, where the lofty muse of Spencer, immortalized through the delicate medium of an exquisite allegory, the glory and renown of his earthly sovereign and the realm which flourished beneath her maiden sceptre—or have been contemporary with Addison—that pure and touching moralist—to understand the real luxury of *dreaming*.

*Dreaming!* what can *we* know of dreaming, who are standing on the threshold of an “iron age.” Reality, stout-built, firm-footed, plod-



ding reality, in his sad-coloured suit of good serviceable cloth, and his gutta-percha soles, in which he might wade through the river that waters Helicon, without wetting his feet in the immortal element, is making rapid progress towards despotism; while imagination, soft, blushing, spiritualizing imagination, with her golden tresses confined only by a wreath of wild hedge-roses, and her Nora Creina-like form, arrayed in drapery of any material you like, gentle reader, whether it be that

“ —— Mantle from the skies  
Where the most sprightly azure pleased the eyes,  
—— With starry vapours sprinkled all—  
Took in their prime, ere they grow ripe, and fall,”

with which the poet Cowley invested Gabriel; or a mere modern changeable silk, is falling into a lingering decline, and with her is departing the romance of education.

Yes, the romance of education is departing; it may be, it must be for the better—for who does not weary at times of wandering amongst his own vague fancies, and in a moment when good common sense shews her homely features wish he were but a month old, that he might

stand a fair chance of being one of those steady, matter of fact, early-wise mediocre creatures of the rising generation, when the wild eloquence of minstrel song shall have waxed so feeble and so thin that, like Virgil's ghosts in their attempt to shout, the "weak voice," will "deceive the gasping throat." And when every man, woman, and child will think, and speak, and act, and eat, and drink, and sleep by the strictest rules of mathematical precision.

Yet in defiance of all this, will ye not join with me, O ye admirers of intellectual greatness, in casting a longing, lingering look back on the system that produced a Scott, a Moore, a Wordsworth, a Southy, and others whose like I verily believe we ne'er shall look upon again.

There are few tasks more trying to diffidence, or less easy of accomplishing without being either too apologetic or too flippant than the task of speaking of one's self, for well and truly has it been said by somebody—I believe by Johnson—"If you speak well of yourself you will be pronounced an egotist, if ill,

you will be looked on as a fool." Notwithstanding this trite warning, and the difficulty of steering a middle course, without the aid of a very mature judgment, it seems absolutely necessary that I should offer some apology for publishing in such a romance-temning age as the present, a work, the conception of which originated in a dream, and this I cannot do without speaking of. In keeping, therefore, in memory the old adage that "truth may be blamed but cannot be shamed," I think it advisable in extenuation of my dreaming propensities, to plead guilty at once to being one of those incorrigible self-pleasers over whom no educational restraints such as are laid down by the wise and philanthropic industry of people who see the necessity of walking through life with one's eyes open, hold greater controul than the gods with that bound Samson before his head was shorn, if the simile is not too much like comparing a mole hill to a mountain.

If, fair and gentle reader, *you* gave the prerogative of your petted childhood full scope, if you either *could* or *would* only lisp,

“ How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,”

at an age when your more studious compeers spouted the “Histrionic Aspirant,” or “Hamlet’s Soliloquy,” or “Progressive Madness,” &c. &c.

If it seems but yesterday since you listened with profound admiration to a juvenile handmaid timing her task of unlacing your boots to a rhyme like the following—

“ Twenty pence make one and eightpence,  
This would be too much to lose ;  
Thirty pence make two and sixpence,  
This would buy a pair of shoes.”

Albeit, you most probably knew more of Cinderella’s glass slipper, (bless her little feet) than the value of any other shoe in the world.

If, instead of following the wiser course of angles and triangles, whether rectilinear or isosceles, equilateral or equiangular “mountains in Germany” as they were, to use a figure in much repute amongst the important, but I suppose extinct race of hedge schoolmasters, when their pupils met with a word beyond their immediate comprehension, you indulged

in an imaginary flight after the mischievous little bird in the Arabian tale that "flitted from tree to tree" with the Princess' talisman, leading the unhappy husband what cannot be exactly termed a wild *goose* chase, but an equally fruitless one, as it was only productive of his utter discomfiture and long separation from the royal lady of his heart.

If you considered it a much more important feat to recite "Paradise and the Peri" by rote from

"One morn a Peri at the gate,"

to

"Joy, joy for ever, my task is done;"

than to read in French of quarrelsome wolves, and deprecating lambs, or envious tulips, and petted roses.

If you preferred sending your thoughts on an air excursion with "wierd witches" mounted on broomsticks, too well trained to shy even at

A roddin with its berries red,

The mystic tree that witches dread,

than to accompany Captain Cook himself round the world through the well-painted windings of an unexcitable map.

If the "Town and Country Mouse," and "The Three Warnings," and "The Three Wishes," and "The Old Gentleman whose hat, cane, and wig blew one after another into the water," and "The Children in the Wood," and "The Grim White Woman who Feasts on Blood," and "The Erl King," and "The Cloud King," who with his three elemental brothers would have made a dainty supper off a beautiful but ambitious young lady only she was fortunately conversant with the degrees of comparison,\* were mere drags in the market

\* The moral attached to the curious old ballad of the Cloud King was particularly addressed to young ladies who neglected their grammar for less useful studies.

Romilda, the great lady of Rosenthal, inspired her "lovely young page" with a passion as sincere as it was presumptuous. Discovering his audacity by chance, she very naturally fell into a violent rage, and declared that she never would wed till "some prince of the air" sued for that hand "no mortal was worthy to claim as his bride." The "Cloud King" happening to be within hearing, came into her presence, heralded by a tremendous clap of thunder, such as I suppose was never heard before or since, and having informed her that her "charms and her pride" had drawn him thither, he proposed marriage in a tone that seemed to imply "re-

of your brain, your desultory reading being by no means confined to frugal and spend-thrift mice, old gentlemen with fly away hats, canes, and wigs, little children with cruel uncles, talisman-loving birds and persecuted younger sisters, the elder being invariably below par in the estimation of fairy-tale venders, though why they should be so is rather beyond my comprehension.


fuse me if you dare," and without waiting for an answer, took her on a wedding tour to his castle in the clouds, which out-of-the-way place she had hardly entered, when she was given to understand, no doubt to her infinite discomfiture, that it was customary with her husband and his cannibal brothers, cousins, &c. &c. to marry a new wife every day, and roast her for supper every night, on which joyous occasion all the near relations of the air-born family assembled. This barbarous design could be alone frustrated by the bridal-victim requiring her liege lord to perform an impossibility. The proud Romilda, aware of this, commanded her ethereal tyrant to shew her the '*truest* of lovers,' which of course turned out to be the "lovely young page;" but on her commanding him to shew her a *truer*, his power was at an end, his supper spoiled, and the lady, who proved to be as ready-witted as she was beautiful, was left at liberty in her own palace hall to congratulate herself on having devoted a fair portion of her time to the study of English grammar.

If on the contrary you have accompanied Homer in some of his sublime flights ; if you have listened to the sweet voice of Venus, complaining to her mother Dione, "divine of goddesses," of that "impious mortal" whose daring lance razed her celestial hand, or have sympathized with that most injured and imperial of wives ox-eyed Juno, and applauded her spirit in not tamely submitting to her cloud-compelling husband's insults ; or have tossed your fair head in the presence of perfidious Helen, while marvelling how the sages who were assembled the day she came forth to witness the single combat between Paris and the "Mars-beloved Menelaus," should have been betrayed into the acknowledgment that it was

"——— No wonder such celestial charms  
For nine long years should keep the world in arms,"  
and again—

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.

If, though you have associated thus with peris and gods, and demi-gods, goddesses and demi-goddesses, aye, and it is likely were initiated into the mysteries of Ossian too, whose





ghosts were so thin the star-light shone clearly  
through them, and whose maidens

Slain by grief or guilt,  
In quivering moonbeams dimly dwelt,  
Ere yet the daring eye of man  
In Dian's sacred orb, began  
A group profane, of hills and dales to scan.

If, notwithstanding all this, you could no more, as I have previously hinted, follow the course of angles and triangles, or employ yourself in abstruse speculations as to which of the three sons of Noah was the founder of the Celtic race, and whether he first landed in Ireland or gave Scotland an involuntary preference, a circumstance wrapped in about the same obscurity as the original uses of the Round Towers, or the birth-place of Ossian, or any other knotty point in history, than *I* could now favor the world with a translation of Virgil done into as execrable hexameters as the human tongue ever stumbled through.

If, courteous reader, to any one of those suppositions your childish memories return an affirmative, I trust my candid acknowledgment of the like erudite faults, will go far to-

wards securing me the forgiveness I am anxious to obtain for the sin of dreaming; a sin which would have been no sin a few years ago, but will be an unpardonable one (if not quite obsolete) in a few years to come.

Could I, or any of my contemporaries, be transplanted back into the garden of "old genus,"\* according to Spencer's theory, and induce that venerable personage to clothe us again in the garb of humanity, it would come quite natural to us instead of sitting in a corner, singing

"Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper,  
What shall I sing for? white bread and butter,"

to join in the discourse of our seniors, after this fashion—"Ah, yes, I read that in Francois

- After that they againe retourned beene,  
They in that garden planted be agayne,  
And grow afresh, as they had never seen  
Fleshly corruption, nor mortal payne;  
Some thousand years so doen they there remayne,  
And then by him, are clad with other hew,  
Or sent into the changeful world agayne,  
Till thether they retourne where first they grew,  
So like a wheele around they rone from old to new.

*See Spencer's Fairy Queen, b. iii. p. 158.*

le Vaillant." "I beg your pardon, papa, I presume you allude to Mungo Park instead of Ibn Batuta, for no such thing occurred to him." "Henry II. did you say ; permit me, and I'll convince you it was John." "Mamma, please tell James to bring so and so by Mrs. Trollope, from the library : I can't bear ——'s works, but any of her's are readable." Or it is as likely that we would discuss the probable result of the Caffre war, and moralize, as I have heard lips through whose rosy portals the first growth of teeth had not entirely departed, moralize, on the impossibility of placing implicit reliance on the good faith of the Cape-mounted rifles, or any corps that is chiefly composed of aboriginals.

Or, perhaps, leaving travels, libraries, and politics aside, we might touch on a higher subject, as I have heard it touched on by a little lisping friend of mine more than "once in a while." "Pray do not ask me, papa ; I really dislike going to such and such a church," &c. ; it is not necessary to give the young gentleman's *weighty reasons* for this dislike.

It is no wonder if I trembled for the recep-

tion of my dream in an age that can boast of such prodigies of wisdom—prodigies who, should the spirit of discovery progress as it may be reasonably expected to do, will take a voyage in an “air ship” to the moon, and return again without writing one sonnet to that all-inspiring luminary.

Owing to such a state of things we do not need the aid of clairvoyance to prophesy that the star of poetry so long in the ascendant, has gone down never to rise again ; pure, heart-touching, exquisite, care-beguiling poetry, such as immortalized *him* who has but just gone to enjoy the realization of his own beautiful truism, “There’s nothing calm but heaven,” will be eventually lost in the general influx of pounds, shillings, and pence education. No master mind will arise to astonish and delight the next generation ; every body may write then, as almost every body writes now ; but were the firmament thick with stars, would that atone for the absence of the sun and moon.

The oligarchy of literature is fast merging into a republic, and like all other republics

*de jure* or *de facto*, with perhaps but one exception, a heterogenous mass of incongruities it will exhibit.

This is much to be lamented, for the legitimate wants of genius are like our own in a political sense; she requires the fostering care of a few choice spirits to control her wild propensities, just as we require the fostering care of the Queen (God bless her) and her ministers, to control ours.

Pray, sir, do not be so testy; pick up my book, which I perceive you have flung down with such unpardonable impatience that your little terrier, on whom it has fallen, howls a reproof, and cease, if you please, muttering "pshaw, a would-be philosopher, a moralizer in petticoats—stuff, folly, trash."

You wrong me if you think I intended to moralize further on the probable effect of a system which has been so ably discussed by persons whose talents have attained their full growth under the careful training of ripe judgment and practical experience. Assuring you, therefore, that I shall be exceedingly guarded and harmless in what I say, I will inform you

in the simplest manner possible what first put dreaming into my head.

Some friends of mine, who had discovered at a much earlier period than usual (for people are supposed to drink deeply of vanity's intoxicating cup before they become aware of its being adulterated with rue) that the world is not worth living for ; that the heart of man is inconceivably wicked, and the heart of woman very little better ; that a ball room is the nursery of vanity, and a theatre the gathering of abominations, were in the habit of assuring me that the sooner all talent which fosters morbid sensibility or unquiet ambition is crushed, the sooner will peace begin her reign on earth.

Considering the meanest coin issued from the mint of common sense, worth all the glittering treasures of genius, they averred that our immortal L. E. L. would have been happier had she been a plain-worker, and that the proudest prince, scholar, statesman, or hero, is wretched beyond comprehension compared to him who has not an aspiration above the measurement of a yard of ribbon, or the suit-

ing of an artificial flower to the delicate complexion of his fair purchaser.

In support of this theory, they would deduce from history instances monarchical, political, scholastic, and poetic, dwelling particularly on the latter, under the malignant star of which so and so was starved to death, and so and so drowned himself, and so and so died of a broken heart, &c. &c.

But half believing then what I am pretty sure of now, that there was a great deal of truth in all this, I used to feel out of patience when I heard people solemnly hope for the extinction of that divine spark which secretly illumined their own souls. People calculated to awaken genius from her dull lethargy if they would but have shaken off what appeared to me a strange sort of misanthropy springing from an early and unnatural disgust of earthly things.

Well it happened one day (you perceive, gentle reader, that I still patronize the style in which paragraphs were commenced in the days of my dear little ugly friend the "Yellow Dwarf," or "Jack and the Bean-stalk,"

"Jack the Giant-killer," or the "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," or "Beauty and the Beast," or the "Charming King," whom the lady whose skin was like the back of a trout wanted to marry) after having had a much longer discussion than usual with those approvers of the shady path to knowledge, I began to feel somewhat alarmed at the encroachment of reality upon the flowery premises and air-built palaces of romance, who so lately believed herself to hold a lease renewable for ever of my head, heart, and pen ; and as the best remedy against such a fatal ejection, I proposed a trip to Killarney to *one* who did not think there was any poison in the waters of Hippocrene—determined in the true spirit of youthful audacity, to write such things about that sublime locality (though the sublime speculation ended like other speculations, in a dream) as would convince the most sceptical of their mistake in despising the pleasures of imagination.

Fair or wise reader, remember I speak of the past ; there was a time when you as well as I were wise in your own conceit, and O how



happy you were then—but it was a kind of happiness that seldom outlives the teens, and stern, unflattering reason compels you to own that you are happier in a higher sense, now that you feel, with Sir Isaac Newton, I believe,

“ ——— but a youth

Gathering up shells by the great ocean truth.”

I never remember that visit to the south without recalling the words of Erin’s immortal bard—

“ ’Twas odor fled as soon as shed,

’Twas morning’s winged dream,

’Twas a light that ne’er will shine again

On life’s dull stream ;”

for though it was my duty through a prolonged journey to soothe “the tears all, the fears all, of dim declining age,” yet shall I never forget with what artistic rapture, while leaning supinely back in the chaise, and closing my eyes against all outward objects, I pictured the exhaustless variety of charms with which Nature had endowed the earthly Eden whither we were wending—the ideal of whose beautiful reality had been conveyed to me through the agreeable medium of tours and guide

books, part of which I glanced over, part of which I skipped, just as a school girl pressed for time, might be presumed to glance over and skip a prohibited romance.

Ross Castle, the ancient residence of the O'Donoghoes—what, if I restored it to all its pristine power, and relate in heroic strains the warlike deeds for which its chiefs had of course been famous ; no, I was not clever at *heroics* of any kind ; that would not answer.

The Gap of Dunloe, no—a rhymified recollection of that would be time thrown away, for the conjecture of its having been a “vast and mighty mountain rent asunder by some dread convulsion of nature, its rocky bowels wrenched out and flung in huge distorted masses into the ravine below,” &c. &c. was too familiar to enlarge upon with credit.

Cromagloun, which I climbed despite its rocks and precipices with all the elasticity of harum-scarum fancy, who with the masterly touches of a Maclise, sketched out the immense amphitheatre of awful mountains which is seen to encompass the lake, &c., had been also too well described to leave me any chance

of being either sublime or original ; but in compassion for the reader, who, however, in one respect, as Cooper says, has an advantage over the writer in being at full liberty to throw aside a book once it becomes tiresome, I must remember that this introduction is already impertinently long, so I will conclude by saying that though I saw about as much of scenery, &c. &c., as most tourists whose time is limited, generally see, if they are young, active, sight-seeing people, yet my half-fledged resolve to write something very imposing about the locality, instead of soaring away into the seventh heaven of sublimity, dropped quietly down into the waters of Lethe before the influence of a dream, which dream presented to my wandering thoughts the form of a young girl, clad in the habiliments of death, kneeling beneath the gigantic yew-tree that over-shadows the tomb of the M'Carthy More's in the venerable Abbey of Mucross, and exclaiming at intervals, "God help me, I am lost."

If these simple facts do not form a sufficient apology for "Eman More," I can offer no other. Were I to say it was written to be-

guile the tedium of a lingering valetudinarianism, or to soften the rugged cares of common-place existence, or without the most remote view of ever committing it to a public ordeal, I should find myself repeating what has been repeated over and over again by the generality of *un*-established authors, and

Ere an echo I would be,  
I'd hang my harp on willow tree ;

with this conclusion I make my curtsey, and in the character of M'Carthy More's daughter, respectfully introduce *my beau-ideal* of an Irish maiden to public notice.





## EMAN MORE.

---

"I loved a boy, a bonnie, bonnie boy,

And I built him a bower in my breast."

*Old Ballad.*

—— Her gracious presence, cheering youth,

And womanly affection were to beam

In all the holiness of wedded truth,

Through years of strength'ning tenderness on him.

---

The daughter of M'Carthy More

Sits sadly in her bower;

She watches, with a pallid brow,

The deep'ning twilight hour :

The flowers are folding up their leaves

To take their dewy rest ;

The moon, and her attendant star,

Shines dimly in the west.

B

The wild strain of the merry birds  
No longer cries "rejoice ;"  
The softly sighing breezes seem  
Afraid of their own voice.

Mid Glen-na-capul's\* dismal crags  
The daring eagles sleep ;  
Round many a fairy-fashioned isle  
The fretful surges weep.

White as the hue of evil men,  
When wrathful passions boil within,  
Foam the loud cascades on their way,  
'Mid snowy wreaths of angry spray.  
And mournfully the night winds wail  
In tones of mystical distress ;  
Now sadly low—now wildly shrill,  
Around the ruins of Mucruss.  
Yet heedless of the dreams sublime  
That hallow such an hour,

\* Or Gloun-a-Coppul, the Horse's Glen.

The daughter of M'Carthy More  
Sits sadly in her bower.

It is not that the deep'ning gloom  
Her senses hath oppressed,  
For virtue's sacred flame lights up  
Her young and holy breast.

It is not that the breezes wake  
A strange unearthly dread ;  
She never injured, wilfully,  
The living or the dead.

It is not that her noble sire  
Upon his death-bed lies ;  
His short, but gallant race will win  
An everlasting prize.

It is not that his only child  
One tear need ever shed,  
For being from her home exiled  
When he hath joined the dead ;



For lo ! his young and noble heir  
Hath pleaded for his daughter fair,  
Nor hopeless is his choice.  
Within her heart, since first they met,  
His image as a star was set  
To light her through life's darkest day,  
Although with maiden-like delay  
She gave that heart no voice.

Hard task it were for simple maid,  
Nursed violet-like in rural shade,  
At morn and eve to wander o'er  
Her own green hills with Eman More,  
Yet mark, untouched, his eye of pride,  
That boldly flashed on all beside,  
Bent with the timid glance of fear  
So softly, tenderly, on her.  
Or hear the lowly whispered vow  
From lips, whose haughty curve could  
wear

The sweetness of "superior love"  
And graceful homage, but to *her*!

A stranger to his native home  
From boyhood's dawn, and free to roam  
Wherever fancy led,  
He could discourse of distant lands,  
Eternal snows, and burning sands  
Where it is death to tread.  
Of mountains from whose summits bare  
He saw the elements at war ;  
The lightning flashing from the cloud,  
The bellowing thunder roaring loud  
'Mid howling blasts, beneath his feet,  
While round him all was calm and sweet.\*  
Of mocking waters that arise  
Pure and transparent to the eyes,  
Reflecting in their limpid breast  
The towering mountain's lofty crest ;


\* See Appendix, Note 1.

But wo to him whose thirsty lip  
The mystic cheat would hope to sip ;  
Like mists before the morning beams,  
Like vanished bliss returned in dreams,  
Like flowers that bloom in early spring,  
Or any unenduring thing,  
The wretched wanderer in despair  
Finds nothing but delusion there.\*  
And he could tell, with fair address,  
Of voices in the wilderness—  
Wild spirit-voices that surround  
The weary travellers onward bound  
    When midnight shadows fall :  
To lure them to destruction drear,  
By mimicking the voice most dear  
    In supplicating call.

\* J. L. Burckhardt gives an account of these Lakes of Mirage in his journey through the Nubian Desert—the phenomenon is familiar to all travel-loving readers. See Mr. St. John's *Lives of Celebrated Travellers*, vol. iii., page 208.

The tender mother's anxious ear  
Is suddenly dismayed,  
For lo ! her child, in accents clear,  
Calls piteously for aid ;  
Forth rushing from her safe retreat,  
She glides along with flying feet :  
Still, still, that plaintive cry recedes—  
Still, still, her frantic way she speeds—  
'Till spent with toil, her painful breath  
Gasps life away, and sinks in death.

The lover starts from slumber deep  
To hear his mistress loudly weep—  
Away, away, through shadows black—  
But morn will never light him back—  
By demon-influence beguiled,  
He roams a maniac o'er the wild ;  
Till raging thirst, or famine-pale,  
Or whirling column, onward led



By impulse mute and mystical,  
Lays the poor wretch amongst the  
dead.\*

And he could tell how once he trod  
That mountain's top whose summit  
bears

The rose, on which the name of God  
Is writ, as Moslem faith avers.†  
And he could tell of maiden eyes,  
More bright than their own eastern  
skies ;

Of cheeks whose hue would shame the  
tint

That Nature to the wild rose lent,  
When with her purest colouring  
She decked the daughter of the spring.

And he would bend his graceful head,  
And whisper in her ear

\* See Appendix, Note 2.    † See Appendix, Note 3.

That all the charms of all the rest  
Were perfected in her !  
No marvel if he *thought* so too,  
For Nature ne'er had given  
A form of more celestial hue  
To glad the wond'ring gazer's view  
And lift his thoughts to heaven !

She loved him, and each day that passed  
Had seen her happier than the last ;  
But grief of heart now gathereth o'er  
The daughter of M'Carthy More.  
Back from her brow, as snow-drop fair,  
She closely strains her soft brown hair ;  
And fixed, and fearful are her eyes,  
In whose dark depth of beauty lies  
A world of thought beyond the few  
And fondly nurtured years she knew.  
Her cheek, so warm, so fresh, so clear,  
Hath now the ashy hue of fear ;

Her lips are tremulous and wan,  
And as the passing hours flit on,  
Her heart beats painfully and fast,  
As if each moment were her last.

\* \* \* \*

“ Now sweetest lady, cheer thee,”  
A girlish voice began,  
“ It wrings my soul to see thee,  
So weak and wo-begone ;  
Or if thou wilt be wretched,  
O let me share thy wo ;  
Be still one heart between us,  
As one heart was, long ago.

“ O was not mine thy mother,  
Thou never knewest another  
From the moment of thy birth ;  
Too glad was death, to gather  
The fairest flower on earth,

And the precious breast from whence

I drew

Life's gentle nurture, fed thee too.\*"

Two lily arms caressed her,

As the sweet voice ceased to speak,

And two tender lips impressed their

Loving kisses on her cheek.

The simple kindness touched her soul,

And from her eyes successive stole

Those tears, that in their voiceless flow

Speak volumes of unfathomed wo.

" Saint Agnes look upon thee,

My sister and my friend ;"

Again that sweet voice whispered,

" What *do* those tears portend ?

Dost mourn thy drooping sire ?

Life's reign is not yet o'er,

We'll woo her to prolong her stay

With brave M'Carthy More.

\* See Appendix, Note 4.



Or has thy heart no warm response  
For haughty Eman's suit?  
Ah! Lady, why that piteous sob,  
Or why so pale and mute.

"Methinks I read within thine eye  
What thou would'st utter in reply;  
Of all around, or rich, or poor,  
Thy sire, alone, loves Eman More—  
'Tis said within his flashing eye  
There dwelleth too much mystery;  
'Tis said his scornful lips express  
Less manly pride, than bitterness;  
'Tis said his troubled sleep betrays  
A heart that is but ill at ease;  
'Tis said his brow is darkened o'er  
With changeful hues that look like  
guilt,  
Whene'er they speak of Scotia's shore,  
The land where late he dwelt;

'Tis said".....a cry suppressed and  
deep,

Made the words die upon her lip,  
And lo ! with one convulsive throe,  
One shuddering pang of mortal wo,  
One frantic bound from off her seat,  
The lady fainted at her feet.





## Part Second.

---

The early ray of the opening day—  
The smile of the bright noon-tide—  
The evening hour, with its closing flower,  
Had seen her by his side.

For the joys that dart, like light o'er the heart,  
E'er its magic glass grow dim :  
And the hopes that glide o'er the soul's spring-tide,  
Were centered all in him.

“There came a ghost to Margaret's door,  
With many a grievous groan.”—*Old Ballad.*

---

The first grey beams of morning light  
Just break the tranquil gloom of night,  
With step so soft, with eye so wet,  
The lady of the east comes forth ;  
We scarcely feel her presence yet  
Upon the half-awakened earth.

Wears the dim sky a sullen haze,  
Sleep the pale dews on flower and  
hill ;

The heaven-ward lark, alone essays  
The power of his melodious skill.

Flush'd with the hues of slumber light,  
(Despite the pangs of yester night),  
And strengthened by the sweet repose  
Which youth, elastic youth, bestows  
Though clouds and tempests lower,  
Young Agnes leaves her father's home,  
Why, lone and pensive, doth she roam  
Abroad at such an hour ?

There is a secret at her heart  
Which duty prompts her to impart—  
A mystery to be unmasked—  
A fearful question to be asked ;  
And who hath such a gentle tongue  
To frame a wise reply,  
As her upon whose breast she hung  
In feeble infancy.

Yet slower grows her timid pace,  
And paler grows her changeful face,  
As nearer drew she to the home  
Where oft it was her wont to come,  
With smile as bright, and brow as fair  
As any flower that blossomed there.

Now doffs the sky its sullen haze,  
And thrice ten thousand radiant rays  
Of tints unnumbered, wait upon  
The full out-blazing of the sun.  
From mountain high and valley low,  
Up curl the mists like wreaths of snow,  
Or like the tears of mortal wo  
By fortune's smile exhaled ;  
Or like the thoughts that soar above  
When tears of penitential love  
Like Mary's have prevailed.\*

\* "Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,  
Love much, and be forgiven."—*Moore*.

The birds their morning anthem sing,  
The winds their soft responses ring,  
And nature looks as freshly wild  
As if the world on which she smiled  
Were not one hideous tomb,  
Where famished sorrow feeds on sighs,  
And tell despair with loud outcries  
Hath pierced, and aye will pierce the  
skies  
Until the day of doom.

The daughter of M'Carthy More  
Stops suddenly and short ;  
One hand she presses on her eyes,  
The other on her heart.  
Before her lay the dwelling fair,  
Whose presence once drew forth  
Those feelings which we most revere  
When time reveals their worth.

In fragrant silence there it stood,  
The centre of a sisterhood,

Of rival sweets, of roses bright,  
Of lillies clothed in bashful white,  
Of pansies bursting on the view  
In royal robes of gold and blue,  
And many a bud of wild descent  
That blooms untended, like content,  
Or friendless merit's sacred claim  
And inborn certainty of fame.

There ran the little murmuring brook,  
Still singing as it went,  
O'er whose bright brink, in sorrowing  
mood,  
The weeping willow bent ;  
There, too, reclined in sunshine calm  
The solemn sheep, and playful lamb,  
Which on their wide-spread couch of  
green  
Gave life, and beauty, to the scene.

But mute in such an hour as this  
Were those remembrancers of bliss,



Wrapped in the gloom of bitter thought,  
She closed her eyes to see them not.

“ O mother, mother, did'st thou know”  
She wildly cried—“ thy nurseling's wo,  
Night after night, day after day,  
Thou would'st have knelt, and prayed  
with me,  
And watched, and waited by my side,  
To hear what Eman's plighted bride  
Had rather die, than say ! !”

With heart perturbed, and step subdued,  
Irresolute, and pale she stood,  
Then turned, half-tempted to retreat ;  
But rude caresses staid her feet,  
Her favourite dog, with boisterous joy  
And bounding speed to greet her flew ;  
And barked, and fawned, to win the  
smile  
He seemed to think his rightful due ;

A moment more, and she was prest  
All trembling to her nurse's breast.

She was as meek and fair a dame  
As Nature's hand need care to frame,  
Though grief, anticipating time,  
Had spread its mildew o'er her prime.  
A husband wrecked on India's shore,  
Three hopeful sons, who early bore  
    A fatal part in those rude jars  
Whose history on the page of fame  
Hath ever stained poor Erin's name,  
    And still her glory mars,  
Had dimmed her bright eyes' joyous  
    ray,  
And turned her flaxen tresses grey.

But little power had icy wo  
To freeze the philanthropic flow  
Of human kindness in her heart,  
That loved to play a mother's part

To all who needed pity's balm,  
From the poor child that asked for  
bread

To her young daughter's petted  
lamb,

Or any living thing that came  
Within her flower-embosomed shed.

Now with her nursing close retired,  
Impatiently she waits  
The strange recital, which inspired  
By soothing love, so much required,  
She tremblingly relates.

" O gentle mother, for to me  
A mother thou wilt ever be,  
Blame not thy suffering child,  
If what she trembles to declare,  
To thy grave wisdom should appear  
Incredulous and wild.

“Thou knowest, although it grieved  
thee sore,

(For ah ! thou lovest him not)

How proud I was, when Eman More

My young affections sought ;

How secretly I smiled to see

The glance that friendship turned on  
me,

With tears of pity fill ;

For some there are *still* deem my choice

Is guided by my father's voice,

And not my own free-will.

How scornfully I turned away

From aught that daring lip could say ;

Aye, mother, from thine own,

When wisdom took a thankless part

In seeking from my stubborn heart

Its idol to dethrone !

“Alas ! it was a guilty dream,

And scarce may be forgiven”


For ever more, its shadow came  
Between my thoughts and heaven ;  
I prayed not as I prayed before,  
I wept not as I wept of yore,  
When any, even the smallest sin,  
Lay heavily within.....  
What last he said, how last he smiled,  
My soul of higher thoughts beguiled.  
Or if I prayed, the sacred theme  
Had but one burden—*Eman's name*.

“ O bend not thus thy placid brow ;  
’Twas sin, and I am chastened now,  
My hopes, no longer upward borne,  
In sackcloth and in ashes mourn ;  
Mother, that guilty dream is o’er,  
I love no longer Eman More ;  
See, I can say it, and not weep”. ....  
Her throbbing heart belied her lip ;  
For every pang that inly thrilled  
A tear of living blood distilled.

“ Nine weary nights have passed away  
Since sleepless on my couch I lay,  
    Impatient of repose ;  
By some mysterious power opprest,  
My trembling heart refused to rest—  
    Mine eyes refused to close.

“ Exhausted by those efforts vain,  
I left my pillow, ne’er again  
    To lay me down in peace ;  
And toward the casement softly drew,  
The star-light brilliancy to view  
    Of heaven’s unclouded space.

“ But —— oh, my mother, is it not said  
We may not commune with the dead  
And live ?”—the matron answered not,  
But crossed her brow, in pious thought  
    Or superstitious fear ;  
Then kissed the maiden’s pallid cheek,



And *looked* the words she could not  
speak  
Of spirit-soothing cheer.

“Thou’rt silent, then pray pitying  
heaven  
That thy poor child, may be forgiven,  
For I”—she shuddered as she said—  
“Have seen, and spoken with the *dead*!”

“Mother of grace!” the matron cried,  
“What mystery is here?  
Proceed, my precious one, proceed,  
Unbosom all the truth, what need  
Hath innocence to fear?”


“I gazed the star-lit skies upon,  
But soon mine eyes were earthward  
drawn,  
From neath my window rose a low  
Sepulchral sob, of stifled wo.

I started, and looked down, the sound  
So dismal seemed, when all around  
In midnight silence slept,  
When lo! half kneeling, half reclined,  
A form, too frail for human kind,  
Her dreary vigils kept.

“ Could mortal courage, mortal power,  
Have brought her there, at such an  
hour ?

Could terror of a living thing  
Thrill with such icy shuddering ?  
Or fix mine eyes, or chain my feet,  
Or freeze my heart, that scarcely beat,  
Or stifle every struggling cry ?—  
O nurse, I needed no reply.

“ At first I deemed her that pale sprite  
Who, in the dismal gloom of night  
Thrills with her feeble cry the ear  
Of Celtic chiefs when death is near—





And waited with a filial throe  
Her dismal coronach of wo.\*

“ Yes, there I stood, benumbed and  
    chill,  
How long, or short, I cannot tell,  
Till suddenly that sable form  
    Rose up with brow aghast,  
And clasping her pale hands, exclaimed  
    ‘ God help me, I am lost.’

“ That voice, ’twas one I heard before ;  
    Those words, of horrible import ;  
Weak nature could bear up no more ;  
    A sickness gathered o’er my heart,  
And death-like mists obscured my sight  
In trance-like sleep till morning light.


“ Encouraged by returning day,  
I tried to laugh my fears away,

\* See Appendix, Note 5.

Half doubting, if the vision vain,  
Were not a phantom of my brain.  
Yet reason, little influence had,  
    To close my mental eye  
Against that form so frail, so sad,  
In mourning weeds so darkly clad ;  
    Or drown that fearful cry  
    Of deep, deep, misery,  
Of hope for ever past—  
‘God help me, I am lost.’

“ I tried to cheer my father  
    With the song he loves to hear,  
For he says it brings my mother  
    In her sainted beauty near ;  
But he chid my heartless singing,  
    For my thoughts were with the past,  
And mine ears were wildly ringing  
    With ‘ God help me, I am lost.’

“ I roamed abroad with Eman  
    When the evening shadows fell,



But an 'Image was before me,'  
Pale, dark, and mystical,  
On my path, yet still retreating,  
Was that dismal shadow cast ;  
And echo kept repeating,  
'God help me, I am lost.'

"I knelt within my chamber,  
In the solitude of prayer ;  
But the terror of that vision  
Hung upon me everywhere.  
I sat me down to listen,  
For the hope of sleep was past,  
And again from neath my window  
Rose 'God help me, I am lost.'

"And again that restless phantom,  
Too frail for human kind,  
Was shadowed forth before me,  
Half kneeling, half reclined ;


And again in breathless horror  
I stood trembling and spell bound ;  
And again that wild voice struck me  
As a fond, familiar sound.

“ I longed, but oh, how vainly,  
One inquiring word to say ;  
I longed to whisper, ‘ Art thou  
My own sweet Helen Grey ?’  
But within my heart the question  
Died inaudibly away ;  
Till mine eyes grew dim with watching,  
And I slept till dawn of day.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

“ When I wakened, ’twas no longer  
To doubt what I had seen ;  
But to wish my moral courage  
Less paralyzed had been. .



I felt that I had looked on  
The playmate of my youth,  
I thought upon her childhood,  
Her holiness, her truth,  
And wondered how my soul could fear,  
Or dead, or living, one so dear !

“Thou knowest the little Scottish girl,  
With hair so light, and eyes so blue,  
And laugh so joyous, that it made  
All hearts that heard it, joyous too,  
Who hither, at my Sire's request,  
Came a beloved and cherished guest.

Poor, and an orphan, though her eye  
Bore witness to her lineage high,  
We marvelled at the radiant grace  
With which enjoyment lit her face ;  
We marvelled at the bird-like voice  
That never spoke but to rejoice ;

We marvelled at the bounding step  
So full of mirthful grace ;  
And revered the holy trust  
That brought her so much peace.

“ How far my girlish sympathy  
She wakened, is well known to thee,  
For shared she not a sister's part,  
With thy own Lilla, in my heart.  
And well thou knowest my frantic grief,  
Not less sincere, for being brief,  
(Affliction never sat, till now  
With leaden weight upon my brow)  
When on our pleasant summer dream  
The winter cloud of parting came.

“ She left us, but the joyous ray  
Of her remembrance left us not ;  
It shone around us all the day,  
And to our dreams her image brought.


And when the spring returned again,  
More vivid that remembrance grew ;  
Her laughing eyes were mirrored in  
The violet's unsullied blue ;  
The rose that blossomed free and wild,  
Nursed only by the breath of heaven,  
Spoke to us of the orphan child  
From kindly care so early riven,  
Yet bearing in her little heart  
A world of love, whose angel power  
To youth, and age, could aye impart  
Its halcyon treasures, like that flower !

“ The morning breeze that lightly rang  
Its joyous peal, brought back her song ;  
The daisy, which she loved so well,  
It looked so meek and shy ;  
The social primroses, that bloom  
Like peasants in their rustic home,  
Embalmed her memory.

“ Yet little did this love avail  
    To smoothe the rugged way  
That sin, and shame, and mad despair,  
    Marked out for Helen Grey !

“ All day I prayed and fasted,  
    Unseen by human eye,  
Then waited, strong in spirit,  
    Till with midnight she drew nigh.  
I spoke !—O it were mercy  
    Had that moment been my last—  
I spoke—O sweetest mother,  
    How shall I say what passed ?”

She paused in deep emotion,  
    Her eyes were downward bent ;  
Like light, o’er troubled waters,  
    Her colour came, and went ;  
Her patient hearer spoke not  
    Until the passion passed ;





But her heart was inly grieving,  
And her tears were streaming fast.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

“ This weakness, out upon it,”  
At length the maiden cried,  
While her cheek and forehead tingled  
With the crimson flush of pride.  
“ Sweet nurse, reproach me for it,  
I will listen while you chide ;  
My duty—shall I shun it,  
Whatever may betide ?  
My course—shall I not run it  
Though the gulph be dark and wide,  
Towards which stern fortune hath decreed  
That crushed, and hopeless, I should  
speed.

“ I spoke—I whispered, ‘ Helen Grey,’  
’Twas all my lip had power to say :  
I feared the influence of the past  
On that poor, pining, pale outcast :  
I feared to see one trembling chord  
Of feeling in that bosom stirred :  
I feared to wake one flush upon  
That cheek so passionless, and wan.  
Alas ! that voice, once loved so dear,  
Could neither soothe, or pain her ear :  
All ties but *one* had passed away  
Eternally from Helen Grey !

“ Slowly she rose, her mourning weeds  
Around her falling, like a shroud ;  
Her face as hueless as the moon  
Emerging from a sable cloud,  
When dreary vapours dim her light  
With livid tints of sickly white :  
And upward raised her eye, which shone  
Like frost upon a pale blue flower ;

That look—O ne'er till life is gone,  
Shall I forget its freezing power ;  
But who can tell the pang she woke  
Within my heart, when thus she spoke :—

“ ‘ O lady, if indeed thou art  
As proud in soul, as pure in heart  
As in life's morning time thou wert,  
Prepare thy maiden ear  
A tale of godless perfidy—  
A tale, involving thine and thee  
In misery, to hear.

“ ‘ Curse not a wretch already driven  
From peace on earth—perhaps from  
heaven,  
Because she comes to dash the cup,  
With joy's full measure brimming up,  
For ever from thy lip.  
It may be pain, yea, withering wo,  
Its tempting sweetness to forego,  
“ But it is death to sip.

“ ‘ Could human weakness on the past  
One look of proud remembrance cast,  
That pride had aye entombed my  
shame.

Could human weakness, from the spring  
Of early love one leaflet bring,  
That love had spared to thee thy  
dream ;

But nought doth now controul  
The stern resolve, that needs must  
shew

By what self-sacrificing wo  
Thou yet may’st *save a soul*.

“ ‘ Hast thou the strength, or wilt thou  
pray  
That such strength may be given,  
To save a weary cast away—  
From every hope, from every stay,  
But *thy* compassion driven ?


“ ‘ Canst thou from pleasure’s airy height  
Dash down the palace of delight,  
Thy glowing fortunes planned,  
And martyr on the shrine of truth  
The precious day-dreams of thy youth,  
At duty’s stern command ?

“ ‘ Canst thou rise angel-like, above  
The trammels of an earthly love,  
And all the bliss give o’er,  
Of wandering ’mid thy native bowers,  
Those haunts of childhood’s holiest  
hours,  
The bride of Eman More ?

“ ‘ Canst thou, while yet thy heart is  
rife  
With inspiration, hope, and life,  
This moral death of all things fair,  
For sacred love of justice, bear ?

O blest shall be thy great reward  
When loosened is the 'silver cord,'  
When darkened is thy summer day,  
And when the moon withholds her ray,  
When the 'grasshopper shall be'  
A weary burden unto thee ;  
When 'desire' of life shall fail,  
And thy joyous heart shall quail,  
When thy soul hath upward flown,  
And the earth receives her own,  
When baneful yew trees o'er thee wave,  
When tall rank weeds adorn thy grave,  
And the night song of the breeze  
'Is vanity of vanities.' ' ' "

" She paused, awaiting my reply ;  
No power to hesitate had I ;  
That freezing glance—that awful lip—  
That dread appeal, so low, so deep—  
That brief review of dismal death,



Spoke in a tone so strange, that none  
Could dream it came from living breath.  
All, all conspired with feverish zeal  
My brain, my heart, my soul to thrill,  
And in the excitement of the hour,  
I swore by every heavenly power  
Our faith has taught us to revere,  
That I was ready, without fear,  
To meet the storm, however rude,  
Even as a pious maiden should.

“ Like sunbeams, that with cruel sport  
Play lightly through some ruined fort,  
Revealing to intrusive day  
The hideous work of its decay,  
Wild flashes of exulting joy  
Lit up her cheek, and lip, and eye,  
In horrid mockery it would seem :  
For as I gazed my sight grew dim,  
Daz'd by the strange, malignant spell,  
Which made that face more ghastly still.

Wild noises, too, rang in mine ear,  
And ever more I seemed to hear  
‘ Canst thou the bliss give o’er  
Of wandering through thy native bowers,  
Those haunts of childhood’s happiest  
hours,  
The bride of Eman More ?

“ And then my tears flowed warm and  
fast,  
And then, ‘ God help me, I am lost,’  
In stern reproof floated past  
My weak and weary brain ;  
And then my better nature tried  
All earthly thoughts to fling aside,  
Nor was the effort vain ;  
Less maddening grew the fever fit  
Of mingled horror, and regret ;  
Less dreadful seemed the gathering  
gloom  
Of self-inflicted martyrdom ;



And ready were mine ear and heart  
To hear the worst she might impart ;  
But ere the storm subsided down  
Of guilty weakness, *she was gone.*

\*            \*            \*            \*

\*            \*            \*            \*

\*            \*            \*            \*

“ The day returned, and slowly fled,  
But all that day no tear I shed ;  
Excitement fed with fresh supplies  
My spirit's high-wrought energies.  
My restless thoughts extracted no  
Dark particle from boundless wo,  
To weep upon—it seemed to me  
One great, unfathomed mystery,  
In whose development, my heart  
Was called to play a sacred part ;

From which to sink were deathless pain !  
At which to murmur, were profane !

“ I sat beside my sire, and sang  
Sweet melodies of heavenly praise ;  
The inspiration of my strain  
Filled him with rapture, and amaze ;  
And when I ceased, he fondly smiled,  
And bade God bless his holy child.

“ I strayed with Eman, fearful lest  
(Ere all the hidden truth were known)  
A doubt should rise within his breast  
That I had cold, or fickle grown ;  
But still my thoughts were heaven-ward  
bent,  
And I was strangely eloquent  
In many a sainted martyr's praise,  
The church's light in ancient days,  
Who, all impatient to lay down  
An earthly, for a heavenly crown,

Braved each extreme of mortal wo,  
The speedy flame—the torture slow—  
The horrors of the living grave—  
The anguish of the icy wave—  
The rage of thirst—the poignant  
knife—

The riven ties of social life—  
And all the ills, engendered in  
The evil thoughts of evil men,  
To tempt God's people into sin.

“ Alarmed at my unwonted zeal,  
He chid me, for my cheek was pale  
As winter morn, or snow-drop frail,  
Or lily by moon-light.

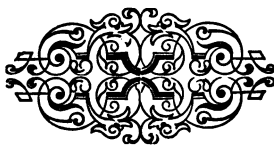
I tried to laugh his fears away,  
And soon returned to watch and pray,  
Until the shade of Helen Grey  
Returned with dismal night.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

“ She came : ‘ God help me, I am lost,’  
Cold on my senses broke ;  
I ope’d my casement tremblingly—  
I softly whispered ‘ Helen Grey,’  
And thus the phantom spoke.\*.....”

\* See Appendix, Note 6.





## Part Third.

### INTRODUCTION.

“ O my soul, for these frail pleasures  
Say what didst thou sacrifice ?”  
Wisdom’s everlasting treasures,  
Food of heaven, and counsel wise,  
Prayer, and praise, and bright revealings  
To be shortly realized ;  
God’s own image. taintless feelings ;  
These are what I sacrificed.

O my soul, what did they give thee  
In so awful an exchange ?  
Of thine all, to thus bereave thee,  
Then desert thee, seemeth strange.

No, they did not leave me lonely  
When they wrought their direful curse,  
One return they forced upon me—  
Would’st thou know it ? ’tis remorse.

---

“ Soon as he saw her we’el fa’ured face,  
He coost his glamorie o’er her.”—*Old Ballad.*

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### HELEN GREY’S STORY.

When winter winds with sullen roar  
Swept wildly o’er the northern hills,  
An orphan sought her native shore,  
With heart untamed by earthly ills,

Although that heart's pure throb of  
mirth

Was all her heritage on earth.

Harsh was the welcome rude winds sang,  
Less tuned to love than stormy wrath,  
And cold the smile that bleak snows  
flung

Upon the orphan's homeward path.  
Yet as the bee, in sunny weather,  
Sips fragrance from the hardy heather,  
From niggard fortune's scanty flowers  
Sweet dews of hope she drew,  
And left for those whose nature cowers,  
When fear anticipates dark hours,  
The rosemary and rue !

This queen of kingdoms, ruled alone  
By the sweet ministry of smiles ;  
This sovereign of a mental throne ;  
This lamb, unread in wolfish wiles ;

This sorceress, who with sinless spell  
Turned sorrow's darkest night to  
day,  
Who knew no guile, and feared no ill,  
Was thy youth's playmate, Helen  
Grey !

A murderer, in the darkest sense,  
A scoffer at Omnipotence ;  
A robber of the heavenly fold ;  
A serpent, fair as him of old,  
Whose subtle arts with hellish power  
Despoiled the first frail " human flower,"  
By fatal winds was wafted o'er  
From distant lands, to Scotland's shore.

The summer breeze, *his* welcome sang,  
The summer flowers, to greet *him*  
sprang,  
And nature, into love beguiled,  
Upon the heartless stranger smiled,



This "whited sepulchre," within

Whose polished seeming, darkly lay

A mass of unrepented sin,

That grew more loathsome day by  
day.

This priest, who came prepared with  
flowers

The sacrificial lamb to wreath ;

This shadow on life's morning hours ;

This basilisk, whose glance was *death* ;

This curse, that nature gave the world

In some mad fit of vengeance sore ;

This whirlpool, in whose dark abyss

Sank Helen Grey's last hope of bliss,

Was thy false cousin, "Eman More."

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

He met me, not as I was once,

Dependant on compassion's glance

For light to guide me through the maze  
Of simple girlhood's perilous ways.

The youthful shepherd of a flock,  
To cool whose thirst was given  
Fresh fountains from that living rock  
Whose summit reaches heaven,  
Had prayed me, wretched me, to share  
His future fate, his bliss, or care.  
Alas! how could he hope to find,  
Save in yon spiritual home,  
From whence he seemed but freshly  
come,  
The treasure of a kindred mind ?

I loved him—so did all beside—  
For he was almost deified  
Amongst the thoughtful and the  
good,  
Whose friend, and soother, he had  
been ;

The "old men" in his "presence  
stood ;"

The "young men" "hid themselves," if  
sin

Awaked the "still small voice" within,  
Such power that youthful presence had  
Upon the righteous and the bad.

Sweet was the calm his presence flung  
Upon my path, so lately hung  
With clouds that longed to vent their  
rage

Upon my early orphanage.

O it was sacred thus to love—  
To feel my spirit soar above  
All earthly ills, all weaker ties,  
In hope's delicious phantasies.

O it was sacred thus to cling  
To one, long honoured, trusted,  
cherished,

The last green leaf of memory's spring  
When every other sweet had perished.

O it was sacred, thus to know  
There dwelt on life's unsocial shore,  
One bosom whose unfading glow  
Still left me something to adore.

Love, pleasing, mournful, wildering  
love,  
That thus could wave thy wings of  
light  
And calm through sorrow's tempest  
move,  
And dream of bliss, when all was  
blight.

O why did guilt's unholy spell  
Exhaust on thee his baleful art,  
And poison from thy flowers distil,  
To feed the death-worm of my heart.

I loved him—yet so strange a chill  
At times upon my senses fell,  
I could not choose, but wonder why  
Such terror mingled with my joy ;  
'Twas conscience, though I knew it not,  
That to my soul conviction brought  
Of her unworthiness to be  
Co-heir to his felicity.  
But all my base-born gems of sin  
Lay in embryo darkness then,  
Hid from myself, and all mankind,  
“ So ignorant ” was I, so blind.

O such a love as his, bestowed  
On such a heart as mine,  
Was throwing “ children’s bread to  
dogs,”  
Or casting “ pearls to swine.”

I loved him, and he won me soon  
The nuptial day to name ;

All hearts around rejoiced with us—  
When lo ! upon our tranquil bliss  
The stranger Eman came.

I know not what unhallowed power  
Held me in bondage, from the hour  
When first beneath his flashing eye  
I quailed, and drooped, mysteriously.  
High thoughts, fresh feelings, that were  
all

As pure as Eve's before the fall,  
Gave way to other thoughts, which in  
My almost wedded heart, were sin.

Day after day, the free-will plight  
To Wyndam given, less binding  
grew ;

I dreamed not of his kind "good night,"  
Nor from his blessing, omens drew  
Of inward peace—'twas grief and pain  
To wear my lately gilded chain.

I learned to loathe my mountain home,  
To shun the paths I used to roam.  
The wild heath waved her purple head,  
The hare-bell blossomed as of yore,  
Nor eyes, nor ears, nor thoughts had I  
For aught on earth, save Eman More.

Well did the tempter spread his snare,  
Though yet of love, he had not  
spoken ;  
I prized the yoke 'twas death to bear,  
I learned to *hate* the house of prayer,  
Because *his* voice made music there,  
With whom my faith for aye was  
broken.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

I did not pray against the spell  
So new, and O, so horrible ;

I tried on destiny to throw  
The moral guilt that stung me so ;  
I revelled in the pleasing dream  
That I had met *my fate* in him,  
And hushed accusing conscience in  
This desperate excuse for sin !

Yet came I not unscathed from out,  
The fiery ordeal of doubt ;  
My rounded cheek grew thin and wan,  
My merry heart's young mirth was gone,  
And I was but myself in name,  
The mind had so subdued the frame,  
Had so subdued it, that when all  
    I longed, expected, feared to hear,  
From Eman's lips in whispers fell,  
    One fatal moment on mine ear,  
Struggling 'twixt hope, and chill dismay  
    At basely leaving Wyndham's side,  
    And wandering hence another's bride,  
I answered not, but swooned away.



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I wakened, but 'twas not to hear  
 That low, deep voice, so soft, so dear ;  
 Joy that my love was all returned,  
 Fear of his wrath when Wyndham  
     learned  
 This base requital of his trust  
     In that most worthless one  
 Whom he had looked upon, and loved  
     As good men only can,  
 Awakened in my heart and brain  
 Delirious pangs of fever pain.

|   |   |   |   |
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Time passed away, but time to me  
Was nothing, night was as the day,  
Till youth dispelled with quick'ning  
breath

The misty shades of hovering death.  
Then day, by day, what seemed a dream,  
To my sick memory clearer came ;  
Then day by day, I pondered o'er  
The few fond words of Eman More,  
And longed, yet feared to ask if he  
Had come to watch, and weep o'er me ;  
'Twas a mad thought, but did not seem  
Mad to a heart so full of him,  
That like defiance 'twould have hurl'd  
At Wyndham, and at all the world !

But he, the hypocrite, who could  
Seem to the sage of serious mood,  
While playing with demoniac art  
Upon my undiscerning heart,



Scared by my strange reception of  
His fond avowal, briefly made,  
Or willing to recal the words  
Too rashly breathed ; or else afraid  
To meet *his* eye, whom he had wronged  
In thought, and word, beyond redress,  
Stayed not to watch returning life,  
But fled in utter heartlessness,  
Regardless of what might betide  
Her he had woo'd to be his bride.

But was this all I had to bear ?  
Was misery's cup exhausted there ?  
O no, not yet ; there lurked within  
One death-drop of *imputed sin* ;  
Surpassing all that mortal lip  
Save mine, was ever doomed to sip.

I said conflicting feelings woke  
So fierce a warfare in my brain


I could not bear the opposing shock  
Of hope, and fear, and joy, and pain ;  
And when her bonds weak reason burst,  
I called myself a thing accursed,  
So fearful seemed *his* wrongs, who had,  
From youth to manhood, walked with  
God ;  
And madly mixing Eman's name  
With rhapsodies of guilt and shame,  
My words unwittingly gave rise  
To a most horrible surmise !

\* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \*

'Twas twilight, in a waking dream  
Upon my couch I lay ;  
When suddenly a shadow came  
Between my thoughts, and me ;



A footstep fell upon mine ear—  
Softly, and slow, a form drew near—  
That gracious brow, those tresses fair,  
'Twas Wyndham—yes, 'twas *he* stood  
there ! !

Reading at once within his eye  
The knowledge of my perfidy,  
Up from my couch, I wildly started,  
And sank before him, broken-hearted ;  
My forehead to the earth I bowed  
In phrenzied fear, and wept aloud.

He spoke—I heard him coldly say  
“ Kneel to thy God, and not to me ;  
If peradventure, thou may'st win  
Pardon for thine adulterous sin.”

This dire allusion to a crime  
My father's child abhorr'd,

How ere *in thought* she wandered from  
Her yet unwedded lord,  
My senses into madness stung,  
My nerves with iron vigour strung ;  
Up from my prostrate wo I sprung,  
And one soul-kindled glance  
Spoke more my innocence,  
Than all that any living tongue  
Could urge in its defence.

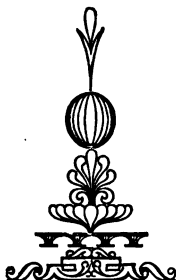
In vain—in vain—I could not win  
The credence that was but my due ;  
He answered, “Add not sin to sin,  
From little ills great evils grow ;  
I come not to reproach a heart  
Endowed with all the earthly part  
Of my affections, but to win  
A wanderer from the paths of sin.  
Be calm, and hear me, Helen Grey—  
If he for whom you cast away

That peace in which the godly live,  
That peace, which *this world* cannot  
give,  
Had wished to wear my gem, my flower,  
Pure and unsullied in his breast,  
Heaven would have granted me the  
power  
To bear unscathed the fiery test ;  
Heaven would have granted me the  
grace  
To bless, and bid thee ‘ go in peace.’ ”

“ Then bid me, bid me, go in peace,”  
Kneeling, I cried, and clasped his  
knees,  
In hope’s tumultuous ecstasies ;  
“ No guilt hath stained my soul, or his,  
Save what can scarce forgiven be—  
The base, base wrong we’ve done to  
thee—

O bid me, bid me, 'go in peace;'  
I was not worthy of the grace  
Thy love delighted to bestow,  
Say thou forgivest, and bid me go."

"Where, or with whom?" he sternly  
said,  
"Woman, thy paramour has fled."







## Part Fourth.

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"Grief parted us, shame parted us, sin parted us,  
God parted us, frowning upon us.


"Earth parted us, seas parted us,  
Life parted us, cold and stern ;  
Love himself, whom we worshipped so, thwarted us,  
Best friend, bitter foe, each in turn."

"Now let the tempest cease, or let it madly roar,  
I scorn alike its love or hate, for I will hope no more."

---

There's an appointed time for man ;  
His days but as a hireling's are :  
No pleasure will they wait upon—  
No grief their close will hasten on—  
Though deep be misery's ghastly scar  
It killeth not—it doth but mar.

I proved it, when this thunder clap,  
Of which I never dreamed or thought,



This death-cry of my latest hope,  
In mingled agony and shame  
Reverberated through my frame,  
And *shook* my heart, but *broke* it not !

I proved it, when day after day  
Wore darkly, wearily away,  
Yet found, and left me, weeping, sigh-  
ing,  
Haggard, and hopeless, but not dying.

Condemned for that of which my soul  
Was guiltless as a new-born child ;  
Far from the sympathy of all  
That loved me, I was now exiled ;  
The shuddering maidens stood aloof ;  
The aged came near me, with reproof  
Upon their lips ; and Wyndham drew  
(Or sought to draw) my thoughts unto  
The wondrous mercy Christ had shewn  
To her whom Satan tempted, when

He bade whoever knew not sin  
Cast at her the first stone ;  
Until my brain seemed turned to flame,  
Yet neither death, nor madness came.

I did not pray for grace to bear  
Those deadly trials—all my soul  
I yielded up in black despair,  
To rage, and rave, without control ;  
Alas ! not mine, the lofty mind,  
That passing through affliction's fire,  
Like the tried silver, is refined,  
And keeps its purity entire ;  
The softer virtues that impart  
Such glorious grace to woman's heart ;  
The soul-exalting sense of right,  
That clothes her in a robe of light,  
From my frail nature darkly fled,  
And left a chaos in its stead ;  
To be filled up in after years  
By sorrow, shame, and fruitless tears ! !

Trembling as doth an autumn leaf ;  
Stealthy, as moves a midnight thief ;  
It was my solitary wont  
To seek some far sequestered haunt  
Where sheltering trees shut out the day,  
And hoarsely roared the howling wind.  
Its jarring voice was melody  
To my distempered mind ;  
There when I should have learned to  
prayer,  
I only learned to "curse my day."  
I heeded not that dread command,  
"The fruitless fig tree shall not stand."  
By earthly sorrows inly riven,  
My soul brought forth no thought of  
heaven,  
The dread result, what might it be ?  
That heaven would cease to think of me !  
  
And heaven *did* cease to think of me,  
When to a demon's subtlety


Again, and aye for ever more  
My rebel heart was given o'er.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

As lightning gleams across the wave  
To shew the mariner his grave,  
When tempests howl his requiem loud,  
And sea maids weave his dripping shroud,  
So mid the "waves and storms" of wrath  
That howl'd around my luckless path,  
When least 'twas hoped, or waited for,  
Shone out the smile of Eman More !

I closed mine eyes against its beam ;  
I thought it some fantastic dream ;  
But lo ! that voice—I heard it speak ;  
That breath—I felt it on my cheek,  
And child-like shrieked my frantic joy,  
And upward raised my impious eye,



And all my soul in praise out-  
poured ;  
Unheeded was the guilty one,  
Who placed her confidence in man,  
And reaped her due reward ! !

I spoke not of the day he fled ;  
I spoke not of the tears I shed,  
That impotent to bring relief,  
Swelled up the torrent of my grief ;  
I spoke not of my wrongs since then—  
One only feeling trembled in  
My throbbing heart ; I now was free  
From all imputed infamy !  
At Wyndham's feet I'd weep for joy,  
And read forgiveness in his eye ;  
Both, both would kneel, and from his lip  
Upon our love, so fond, so deep,  
A blessing haply win ;  
A nuptial blessing. O that dream,  
Like sunset's last expiring beam,


Its bright hallucination came,  
Before my *night* set in.

\*            \*            \*            \*  
  
\*            \*            \*            \*

And did he realize my joy ?  
And did I read in Wyndham's eye  
Forgiveness for the past ?  
Did ever wolf restore a lamb  
For pity to its bleating dam ?  
Did ever little fragile flower,  
That trembled in autumnal bower,  
Out-live the winter blast ?

\*            \*            \*            \*

He prayed me, with a truthful depth  
Of touching pity in his tone,  
To spare the man we both had wronged ;  
A pang too great to dwell upon.





Won over by such specious guise,  
I felt convicted in his eyes  
Of most ungentle heartlessness,  
And owned it with a pious tear ;  
But why should I thy thoughts oppress ?  
Or why should I profane thine ear  
With all he said to lure me from  
The halo of my childhood's home ;  
How on the sacred book he swore  
The church's rites should join us both  
When far from him, whose injured eye  
In christian mercy, we should fly ;  
And how he broke that dreadful  
oath !  
Enough that I departed thence  
In all the daring confidence  
That woman, since the world began,  
Hath placed unshrinkingly in man.


\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

The first rude shock of trust abused  
    Passed sullenly away,  
And conscience grew less clamorous  
    As day succeeded day—  
A deep-souled villain's subtle art  
Had hushed *her* voice within my heart.

But time passed on, and I became  
The mother of a living shame ;  
Forgive the word, thou cherub thing,  
    Thou happy dweller of the skies,  
As fair, and spotless as the spring  
    That opened first its pale blue eyes  
    Upon the flowers of paradise ;  
My joy, my solacer, my bird,  
My sometime babe, forgive the word !

But with a mother's new found bliss  
    Came countless, countless miseries,  
The blinding scales of guiltiness  
    Fell suddenly from off mine eyes,



And I could see with horrid truth  
The crimes of my abandoned youth.

“ O Eman More, fulfil thy vow ;  
A two-fold duty binds thee now ;  
Not for the sake of one, but both,  
Remember thy tremendous oath ;  
Not for myself do I aspire  
Thy wedded wife to be,  
Thy infant smiles upon his sire,  
And pleads along with me ;  
O save him, save him, from the ban  
Of infamy's polluted breath ;  
O save him from the *sneer* of man,  
Which dooms the wretch it scowls upon  
To die a daily, hourly death :  
From being mocked, shunned, scorned,  
undone,  
O Eman save thy guiltless son !”

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

Vain, vain appeal, the cold reply  
I read within his haughty eye,  
And from his presence fled—afraid  
    To hear him speak, I knew not why,  
But something on my spirits weighed,  
    That whispered me, “thy doom is  
    nigh,”  
And o’er my head a dismal cloud  
    Seemed hanging with impending  
    wrath,  
To burst anon in thunders loud—  
    Such “second sight” affliction hath.

\*                   \*                   \*                   \*

\*                   \*                   \*                   \*

It tarried yet, it came at last,  
That dismal cloud, that stormy blast ;  
The summons of M‘Carthy More  
Called Eman to his native shore.

The few cold words he uttered then  
Are graven with an "iron pen"  
Upon my heart ; less, less than they  
Would damn him in the judgment day,  
But no, thy maiden ear I'll spare,  
To *thee* it recks not what they were.

I shrank not from his frigid glance,  
Nor poured I forth my secret smart  
In strains of eloquent romance,  
Which seldom to the lip advance  
When choking anguish stuns the  
heart ;

But holding up my babe on high,  
Invoked upon *his* head and *mine*  
The direst curses of the sky  
Through time, and through eternity,  
If ever at the nuptial shrine  
I suffered Eman More to stand,  
Save only to receive from me  
The boon of this dishonored hand ;

Then, lady, it remains with thee  
To save from double perjury,  
Two self-doomed outcasts of thy kind,  
Who sowed in sin, and “reaped the  
wind.”

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

Bright was the ray of the happy young  
day,  
As the shadow of darkness fled ;  
In field, and in bower, each beautiful  
flower  
Its offering of perfume shed ;  
Graceful and free look'd each waving  
tree  
As it shook, in that hour of delight,  
With a hypocrite's sigh, from its  
branches high,  
The tears of the mournful night,

So Eman More, ere that day was o'er,  
Shook off Helen Grey, and the babe  
she bore.

The worst was come, and I was dumb  
As tongue-tied grief could be ;\*  
For his native shore sailed Eman More,  
But he bore no sigh from me ;  
And if tears did rise, they rushed to  
mine eyes  
Like drops of molten fire ;  
While the storm within, of sorrow  
and sin,  
Rose higher, and higher, and higher.

I sat me down on a blasted tree—  
In its beauty it had been riven  
By the lightning wrath of heaven,  
And stricken down—like me !

\* “ Light sorrow speaks, great griefs are dumb.”  
*Shakespeare.*

And fixed mine eyes, in an agony  
Of mute despair, on the merciless sea.

Little they cared, those waters free,  
Who they bore from my babe and  
me ;  
Little they cared, and little they knew  
That the bounding bark, which was  
still in view,  
As swifter it flew, and lesser it grew,  
The life from myself and my baby drew.

Flitted away, the smile of day,  
But I knew not if it went  
Swiftly, or slowly, my thoughts were  
so wholly  
On desolate misery bent ;  
My weak little blossom sucked death  
from my bosom ;  
I thought of him, heeded him not ;



Till a heart-thrilling scream waked me  
up from my dream,  
And the fiat of wretchedness brought.

O'er the infantine grace of that exquisite face,

Black writhings of agony gather ;  
The dark eyes are strained, and the  
dear heart is pained

With the anguish it drew from the  
mother ;

The hands soft and fair, that just  
played with my hair,

Are clenched, and convulsively red.  
Let who will abhor me, O mothers !  
weep for me,

My baby, my darling, is dead !

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

They forced him from my warm embrace,  
They told me he was blest to go ;  
I could have torn and trampled on  
The tongue that told me so ;  
They robbed a wretch, of all she had ;  
They laid him in his narrow bed ;  
How did she bear it ? *she went mad*—  
The words of Helen Grey are o'er :  
Now if thou wilt, wed Eman More.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

“She closed her horrid tale, and fled,  
Mutely I watched her noiseless tread,  
Yet lost her not, for to mine eye  
Her ghastly presence still was nigh ;  
I wished to think that I had dreamed,  
Her dismal revelation seemed  
So far beyond my farthest ken  
Into the boundless depth of sin.

“But no, the dreadful tale was true,  
And momentarily more vivid grew,  
Till over my exhausted frame  
The heaviness of sorrow came,  
And all too weak to pray, or weep,  
I sank at last in troubled sleep—  
If sleep it might be called, for still  
I felt her voice my senses thrill.

“Pale o’er my couch she seemed to  
bend,  
Death’s livid horrors on her cheek ;  
She touched me with her icy hand,  
As if my slumber she would break,  
And shrieked, as she had shrieked  
before,  
In tones of desperate reliance  
Upon the strength of her defiance,  
‘Now if thou wilt, wed Eman More !  
Take for thy sacred bosom’s lord  
A man by heaven and earth abhorr’d !

A man by perjury defiled,  
A man 'gainst whom his murdered  
    child  
Cries day and night, with ceaseless  
    moaning,  
    Roams day and night through weary  
    space,  
Till vengeance for his wrongs atoning,  
    Tells the poor babe to rest in peace.  
O save him, save him, from the wrath  
That must pursue his painful path  
    Through ages of futurity,  
If to another, save his mother,  
    His recreant father wedded be.

“ ‘ Or if thou need’st a stronger plea  
Than pity for my babe and me,  
Think on the curse that hangeth o’er  
The perjured soul of Eman More ;  
Think on the plight already given,  
    The plight he must redeem on earth,

Or see the 'flaming sword' of heaven  
From peace, and pardon, drive him  
forth.

" 'Thou wilt—I read it in thine eye—  
What more assurance need I ask?  
' Lift up thy voice,' and 'shout for joy,'  
Thou'rt chosen for the mighty task  
Of plucking, with thy virgin hand,  
From out the fire, ore living brand.


" ' Yet, O remember, thou must pray  
For strength against the evil day,  
When zeal for an immortal soul  
All human passions must control ;  
When thou must wage relentless war  
'Gainst jealous weakness, fond ambi-  
tion,  
And all the hopes that brightened o'er  
Thy waking thoughts, thy midnight  
vision.

Work the good work of self-denial,  
And shrink not from the fiery trial.'... ..  
Those thrilling words, distinct and clear,  
Awaked me, but she was not near.

"The beams of morn around me shone,  
And strengthen'd by its holy light,  
My heart was nerved to think upon  
The black revealings of the night.

"But while with deep'ning awe I dwelt  
On that long catalogue of guilt,  
A hope stole o'er me, like the calm  
That lulls a storm to peace profound,  
Or nectar drops of precious balm  
Poured on some pallid sufferer's  
wound.

"O nurse ! might not that history  
A monstrous fabrication be  
Of some foul spirit sent from hell,  
Her dire commission to fulfil,



Of winning by my overthrow  
A transient fellowship in wo ;  
Such deeds of darkness have been  
wrought  
To snare the guiltless, have they not ?  
For how, O how can Eman More  
Bear day by day the eternal curse  
That must consume him to the core  
If—but 'tis said when Scotia's shore  
Is mentioned, writhings of remorse  
To guilty darkness change his hue—  
Then give me counsel gentle nurse,  
My heart is sick ; what shall I do ?”

“ Thy fond mistrust,” the matron said,  
“ Of maiden innocence is bred,  
No wonder that thy sinless breast  
With seemly horror is imprest,  
And unbelief that mortal men,  
Although they be conceived in sin,

Can brave the Almighty's dreadful  
    wrath,  
And keep destruction's open path.

“O would that on thy tender youth  
Had never come this painful truth ;  
In ignorance of human guilt  
True happiness alone is felt ;  
From thence the joys of children rise,  
    The glance, the laugh, the bearing  
    bold,  
With which those cherub mysteries  
    Half glorify their mortal mould ;  
That veil, once torn from off their eyes,  
Pale fears and sad misgivings rise,  
Which inly bleed, exhaust, and smart,  
Like undrawn quivers in the heart.

“But cheer thee, sweet, I know thy  
    mind  
For noble deeds is well designed—



Grace and unconquerable truth  
Are the strong pillars of thy youth,  
And is it not said, most wo's are given  
To those that are most fit for heaven ;  
Then tremble not whate'er befall,  
But rise superior over all.

“ Thou askest my counsel—as a dream  
Reveal the truth to Eman More ;  
Yet all as unaccusing seem  
As if you but repeated o'er  
An idle fancy of the brain,  
Too wild and strange to give him pain ;  
And if his cheek grow ashy pale ;  
If beneath thine his glances quail ;  
If livid tremors blanch his lip,  
While haply with affected mirth  
He turns to jest the secret fear  
To which thy words have given birth,  
No further knowledge seek to win,  
He 's guilty—and believe it then.

“ But if in unconcealed surprise  
He looks into thy searching eyes,  
With all the inquiring eloquence  
Of doubt-dispelling innocence,  
Whose stillness, like our fairy lake,  
A sudden tempest may awake  
In angry torrents thundering down,  
Yet only for a moment drown  
Our view of its enchanted town,\*  
The spirit, or whate’er it be,  
Has played thee false, and thou art free  
Thy dreadful secret to declare,  
    And seek the grace of ghostly aid  
With holy rites, and pious prayer,  
    To exorcise the baleful shade.”

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

\* See Appendix, Note 6.

Fond hope is fled—pale doubt is o'er—  
The daughter of M'Carthy More  
In Eman's eye the truth hath sought,  
And learns the worst, yet fainteth not.

Though sick with horror and disgust,  
Whate'er it cost be calm she must,  
Till fearful vengeance doth repay  
The sleepless wrongs of Helen Grey.

His mocking laugh she lightly joins  
At that wild dream's fantastic bent,  
And softly to his suit inclines,  
And gently yields a feigned consent  
No more those nuptials to retard,  
*His deep devotion's due reward.*

Yet troubled is that heart to-night,  
Whose innocent young pulses play,  
Impatient of an hour's delay,  
In suffering for the right.

And when she claims her noble sire's  
Fond kiss and blessing, she retires ;  
Retires to what ? to pray, to sleep ?  
No ; it is but to watch, to weep,  
Such tears—O weak attempt, and vain  
To breathe in words their seething pain,  
And then to list the dismal chaunt  
Which heralds her pale visitant.  
To tell her she has risen above  
The trammels of an earthly love ;  
To tell her she but waiteth now  
To register her faithful vow  
Of braving, as a Christian should,  
The coming storm, however rude.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*  
\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

Happy and bright thy future be,  
Though dark the shades that round  
thee rise,

Appalling in the mystery

Which clothes them in its dim disguise.

Bright be thy days, and blest their close,

For though weak nature will not let

The deep emotions of regret

Sink into lethe-like repose,

The conflict thou hast well sustained

Thou holy maiden, and hast gained

The noblest victory which can

Uplift from earth the soul of man—

A victory o'er *thyself*, and thou

Art little less than angel now.

\*

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Ray after ray of the closing day,

Like the beauty of young life passed

away,

And the shadows of evening robed in  
gray,

Hung mournfully and wan  
Round the silken couch where M'Carthy  
lay,

Daily descending by slow decay  
To the last retreat of man.

The strength of that noble mind is  
gone,

'Tis weak, and half-childish now ;  
Tho' the pride of the old Milesian clan  
Still lighteneth o'er his brow,  
One only feeling is strong as ever,  
It hath been his stay, it will leave him  
never ;

His sharpest pangs it hath oft beguiled ;  
'Tis the love he bears to his only child !

Her smile is the last he sees at night,  
The first he looks for at morning light ;

No hand but *her's* can his pillow smooth ;

No voice but *her's* can his sufferings

soothe,

Its sweet low tones, they are all *her* own,

Who from child and husband too soon

had flown,

She speaks, and the present is all forgot ;

But he pines in thought, when he hears

her not ;

And he watches with painful vigilance

The light and shade of her beaming

glance :

As a loving child from the eyes of its

mother,

Pleasure or pain will instinctively gather.

\* \* \* \*

Sweet Agnes, smooth thy troubled brow,

To play a daughter's holy part ;

Forget that thou art wretched now,

Shut up thy griefs within thy heart ;

Forget that on the morrow night  
A sin-stained man expects thy plight,  
Thy plight that never will be given  
While justice sets her star in heaven ;  
Forget the dreadful doom which then  
Awaits on unrepented sin ;  
Forget the terrors of that deed  
In which thy gentle heart's decreed,  
A part to bear, which few, how few  
So young and loving could go through.

Forget it all, and by *his* side  
Of whom thou art the hope, the pride,  
In filial fondness sit, and sing—  
But no—the power of song would fling  
Too soft a weakness o'er thy soul,  
And loose the tears thou must control,  
Lest fond suspicion of thy woes  
Disturb thy drooping sire's repose.

With some wild tale, his ear rejoice,  
He little careth what it be,



If the sweet music of thy voice  
    Pour forth its precious melody ;  
Take in thine own, his thin white hand,  
    And try thy simple art ;  
A legend of his native land  
    Will speak to that poor heart,  
And angels will rejoice to see  
    Thy smile of tender piety.

She softly smooths her troubled brow,  
    To play a daughter's holy part ;  
Forgets that she is wretched now ;  
    Shuts up her griefs within her heart ;  
She sits beside her father's couch ;  
    She takes in her's his thin white  
    hand,  
And prays him playfully to list,  
    A legend of his native land.



## Part Fifth.

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### INTRODUCTION.

Hail happy days of bright romance,  
When warriors knew to wield the lance,  
And sport with death, for beauty's glance,  
    Love's beacon fire,  
Whose faintest beam could wake at once  
    The combat dire.

When, in the deep embosomed glen,  
Or in the busier haunts of men,  
Lived many a merry fairy train  
    As legends tell ;  
Nor was there one bright streamlet then  
    But knew them well.

While wandering lonely, who could know  
But in the rose's hectic glow  
Some fairy friend, or fairy foe,  
    Embosomed lay,  
Where only bees inhabit now,  
    Or zephyrs play.

Nor humbler flowers did they despise ;  
The blue-bell clear as summer skies,

The tulip with his thousand dyes  
Of every hue,  
The lilly with her downcast eyes,  
And violet blue.

Hail age of magic—brightly fell  
Upon my earliest hours thy spell;  
How oft night's gentle visions will  
Recal the past,  
When Blue-beard fierce, or Cinderel'  
Could bind me fast

In fancy's fetters—chains of bliss,  
Sweet prison-house of happiness,  
When springing fresh from joy's excess,  
Such memories rise  
As nought can utterly depress  
Beneath the skies.

Haply when others of my age  
Dipped in the sentimental page  
Of some new novel, just the rage,  
Some book of ton,  
It failed my fancy to engage  
I freely own.

To soar aloft on wings of speed,  
With the Arabian-fabled steed;  
Or of *his* direful fate to read  
Whom jealous spite  
To be half man, half stone, decreed,  
Was my delight.

Or of the bright enchanted ring  
 Where fairies sport as poets sing;  
 And revel in eternal spring—  
     For nought to them  
 The blight of time, or chance can bring,  
     I loved to dream.

And I could love such dreamings still,  
 If dreamings now were at my will;  
 If memory's tide could cease to swell  
     With wintry power,  
 If hope, the pleasant tale could tell  
     Of life's spring hour.

Idle regrets, whose withering power  
 But make the brow in sadness lower;  
 Spectres that fill the present hour;  
     With by-gone care;  
 I'll hie me to my fairy bower  
     And lose ye there.

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### THE FATAL GIFT,

A LEGEND OF KILLARNEY.\*

Thrice hail Killarney! fairy haunt  
 Of all that can the soul enchant,  
 Uplift the thoughts, and wrap the sense  
 In poesy's elysium trance.

\* See Appendix, Note 8.

Thrice hail our country's pride and  
boast,  
Since first the Almighty Spirit passed  
With viewless track o'er land and flood,  
And saw that his great work was good,  
More lovely scenes ne'er met the view  
Than thy green shores, and waters  
blue.

At Nature's birth, both land and sea  
Strove which might best irradiate thee  
With gifts of beauty. Ocean sent  
Floods from his boundless element  
To form thy silver lakes, and lave  
The shores, and islands, that earth gave,  
Tree-crested islands—glorious shores—  
Unfolding all the treasure-stores  
Of goodly nature—velvet plain,  
And rising knoll, and shadowy glen,  
And mystic harbour, close entwined  
By towering trees of various kind,

That knitting their out-branching arms,  
Repel the rage of wintry storms.


Those mountains, too, that from the  
surge

Beating against their base, emerge,  
Whose sloping sides in verdure gay,  
One fairy-forest seem to be,  
And from whose height, with hollow  
roar,

The bellowing cascades shake the shore  
To guard thy beauties clustered round,  
And formed thy wildly rugged bound.

While echo over all to shed  
A pleasing, soft, mysterious dread,  
Her "hundred voices" lent, which thrill  
Each bower, and glen, each rock and  
hill ;

Now floating on the raptured air,  
As if a thousand mocking birds



Paused for a few sweet moments there,  
To give us back our whispered words,  
And now rebounding wild and loud,  
With airy shock from rock to rock,  
Like thunder through a summer cloud.

And noble are thy ruins too,  
Still breathing of our pious sires ;  
The ancient church of Aghadoe,  
So sacred to the gazer's view,  
Whose soul enthusiasm inspires ;  
How fair a spot on which to raise  
An edifice of prayer and praise ;  
How fair a spot to meditate,  
And hold with heaven communion sweet.

O rightly knew the ghostly race  
To choose their earthly resting-place,  
And husband well the *scanty* cheer  
Their *piety* allowed them here.

Those sacred relics, that no less  
Speak the past glories of Mucruss—

Temple of old solemnities—  
Embosomed in thy grove of trees,  
Through which the spirits of the past  
Come rushing on the midnight blast,  
To people with their shadows grim ;  
The lonely choir, and cloisters dim ;  
Fit haunt thou seemest for those who  
    roam  
The wilds of space, thou dreary dome.  
  
Ye mystic shades, whom fancy's wand  
Can summon up at her command,  
When bending from Utopian skies,  
She bids ye from your darkness rise,  
Mourn ye, among those ruins rude,  
Which pine in dismal solitude—  
The noble building that of yore  
Was founded by M'Carthy More—\*  
  
Say hath not time sad havoc done  
Since first the praise of men it won,

\* See Appendix, Note 2.



Since first its oratory rung  
With muttered prayer and choral song.

And thou, whom kindly nature drest  
With grace surpassing all the rest,  
Fair Innisfallen, sacred isle,  
Tome of that venerable pile  
Whose sound went out into all lands,  
Though now in contrast stern it stands  
Mid those fair scenes with beauty rife,  
Like lowering death mid joyous life.

How high thy fame's proud blossom  
grew,  
Ere Maoldhun O'Donoghoe  
Low in the dust its stem defiled—  
The treasures of God's house despoiled,  
And slaughtered, in his reckless mood,  
The priest that at the altar stood.\*

\* See Appendix, Note 10.

So dark a day, man never knew,  
As that was to O'Donoghoe ;  
The outraged church her deadly ban  
Poured his unhappy soul upon ;  
Her grace withdrawn, that chieftain  
proud,  
To whom all other chieftains bowed  
In mingled reverence and dread,  
So far abroad his fame had spread,  
Abandoned was by sage decree  
To all the dreadful potency  
With which the wandering tribes of  
hell  
On souls thus out-lawed work their will.

Now as most commonly the case is,  
That fairies love the fairest places,  
Killarney was the favourite haunt  
Of many a mystic visitant,  
From earliest time they met upon  
The lofty brow of Mangerton,

Or cleaved the air with elfish joy  
    When tempests roamed abroad,  
Or rode upon the fleecy spray  
    Of Tourke's majestic flood.

Those wondrous beings, since they were  
    From Peri-pleasures driven forth,  
Some doomed to wander in mid air,  
    Some cast upon the rugged earth,  
And some within the raging deep,  
Long vigils of remorse to keep,  
Have ever been intent upon  
The pleasure of tormenting man ;  
And though they gave but little heed  
    To any wrongs that might be done  
    The church by her apostate son,  
With one accord they all agreed,  
    For pleasing mischief's darling sake,  
Fit measures speedily to take  
For heaping deadly ills upon  
The excommunicated man.

'Tis said, to justify their spleen,  
That he was wont from childhood's  
hour  
To doubt if they had ever been,  
(A most unpardonable sin)  
And mock their long reputed power.

'Mongst fairies, as amongst mankind,  
Different degrees of wit we find ;  
Some are of winsome mood, some  
placid,  
Some, as a maid of forty, acid ;  
Some in half harmless tricks delight,  
While others aim at nothing short  
Of human overthrow, and blight—  
And of this last malicious sort  
Was one fair lady of their crew,  
With whom my tale has much to do.

Great power she had by land and sea,  
As sprung from royal ancestry,

For, in his youth, to Oberon  
A sea-nymph bore this favored one,  
Who, loved by the parental pair,  
As *only* children always are,  
Was never made to live by rule,  
Or learn at home, or go to school ;  
O no, she passed her pleasant hours  
With troops of Elfin's gay,  
Sporting like bees amongst the flowers  
Through all the live-long day,  
Or playing hide and seek at night  
'Mid silver moon-beams glimmering  
fair,  
That seemed to quiver with delight  
When such sweet revellers were  
there ;  
And now and then a lesson took  
In mischief's hand book, writ by Puck :  
But from her birth to ill inclined,  
She left her master, far behind.

Great beauty she possessed, but by  
Her sponsor Proteus, was endowed  
With power, in any sort of shape,  
A lamb, a lion, or an ape,  
Her fairy graces to enshroud.

Oft as a changling would she lie,  
And in the mother's pangs rejoice,  
While mimicking the feeble cry  
Of suffering infancy's weak voice.

Oft on some youthful poet's heart  
In classic beauty would she dart,  
And by a smile, or thrilling glance,  
His nobler thoughts for life enchain  
In one vague vision of romance,  
The *ignis fatuus* of the brain.

Forth stepping, as the fairy crew  
Beneath the twinkling moon-light  
planned  
The ruin of O'Donoghoe,

Uplifted she her tiny hand  
In silent token of command,  
And proffered her accomplished skill  
To work that wise assembly's will.

"Not by plain-dealing force," said she,  
"Lest he escape my fairy-might,  
But double-faced hypocrisy,  
The which no mortal man may flee,  
Although the snare spread for him be  
In open day, or secret night."

Gladly they greeted her intent,  
And from that hour her mind she lent,  
By every soft seductive art,  
To fascinate the chieftain's heart.

Now form of woman she would don,  
His wonder to draw forth,  
With beauty such as mortal man  
Had never seen on earth.

Now dressed in robe of palest green,  
Reclining in her shallop sheen,  
Whose glittering pennants fluttering  
    fair,  
A butterfly's bright pinions were,  
She'd stem the waves with skilful hand,  
    And breathe unearthly melodies,  
That so she might at once command,  
    The homage of his ears and eyes.

Oft would she syllable his name,  
That echo might repeat the same,  
And ne'er was echo's voice so sweet  
As when her notes it did repeat.  
Oft to the rugged rocks complain,  
That might have melted at her strain,  
If music had indeed the spell  
To work so great a miracle ;  
Or tell his glories to the spheres,  
A theme more grateful to his ears,



How bound in yonder shaggy rock,  
That with such darkly frowning look  
Starts up abruptly in Lough Lean,  
Lay many a warrior bold and brave,  
Subdued, and aye condemned by him  
To perish in its dismal cave,  
From whence its well-known name it  
drew,  
The prison of O'Donoghoe.

Well pleased was he, himself to see  
So wondrously adored,  
Though fair as day was the lady gay  
Of whom he was legal lord.  
Well pleased was he, for his vanity  
Was fed by so strange a flame ;  
And though nought could move the  
unchanging love  
Which he felt for his royal dame,  
Yet his thoughts would spring on pla-  
tonic wing

To the spirit of the stream,  
Whom he deemed in his pride, and his  
folly too,  
Was swelling the tide of the water blue  
With her love-lorn tears, for him.

Enjoy thy dream ere it turn to rue,  
For wo, wo, is thine O'Donoghoe !

At length her mission to fulfil,  
And muttering low the mighty spell  
By which she could all ends obtain  
Within the compass of her brain,  
She watched the warrior, whom at eve  
Was wont for pastime, o'er the wave  
To guide his bark,\* and lightly from  
The crested billows issued fair,  
Her bright hair dropping crystal foam,  
As she a second Venus were.

See Appendix, Note 11.

It was no ray of earthly light  
That made her eye so passing bright ;  
No mortal tint of lily frail  
That made her brow so purely pale ;  
No monarch rose that ever grew  
Which gave her cheek its tender hue ;  
No willow sighing to the breeze,  
That lent her form its grace and ease,  
Nor ever in the evening hour  
Looked forth the solitary flower,  
That in some desert blooms apart,  
Like hope within a mourner's heart,  
With half the thrilling loneliness  
    That shaddowed o'er her drooping  
        face,  
So artfully it could express  
    Feelings whose beam of spirit-grace  
Was blent with mortal tenderness.  
It passed—and thus she tried her  
    skill  
To win him to her fairy-will.

## THE SPIRIT'S SONG.

Lord of all the eye can see,  
Lake, and mountain, isle and tree,  
Who, dreadful in thy sovereignty,  
The proudest heart dismays,  
Would'st thou 'bove the greatest be  
Of past or present days ?

Would'st thou not alone excel  
In thy strength impregnable ;  
Would'st thou rove the world at will,  
On thy charger fair ?  
Would'st thou their mysterious skill  
With immortals share ?

Would'st thou scent the spicy gale  
Of the blest Arabian vale ?  
Would'st thou for the forehead pale  
Of thy chosen bride,  
Pluck from the Cashmerian vale,  
Its rose of queenly pride.

Would'st thou wing thy way unto  
The golden valley of Peru ?  
Or from out the ocean blue  
    Peerless jewels bear,  
Such as men but seldom view,  
    For thy lady's hair ?

I can give thee power to fly  
By my secret potency,  
Where the ever-burning eye  
    Of the sun looks forth  
From his chamber in the sky  
    On the lower earth.

I can give thee power to sail  
On the mists of moon-light pale,  
Where thine ear may list the wail  
    Of each wandering sprite ;  
When thou hast drawn back her veil  
    From the brow of night.

Through earth, and air, and ocean's  
tide,

Thou may'st take thy trackless ride,  
And return unto thy bride,

When far realms you scan,  
And be slumbering by her side  
Ere the morning's dawn.

If thou wilt, this power thou 'lt have—

One return I only crave,

Swear by the eternal wave

Subject unto me,

That the power I freely give

Unrevealed shall be.

In the day thou shewest the same

To thy friend, or to thy dame,

If a word, or feeble scream

From their lips should break,

In that day the wrathful stream

Fierce revenge shall take.

Speak ! for though eternity  
Draw a line 'twixt thee and me,  
With a spirit's offering free  
    I'd enrich thy store,  
And in thy dear memory  
    Dwell for ever more.

“ Fairest of aged Neptune's daughters,  
Brightest jewel of the waters,”  
Courteously replied the knight,  
Struck with wonder and delight,  
“ Such a boon of proffered grace,  
All as freely I embrace,  
And swear with ready faith to thee  
Everlasting fealty.”

Low, and sweetly, like the bells  
That tinkled soft at intervals  
When Arcadian shepherds were  
Wont to tend their fleecy care,  
Broke a laugh of triumph forth  
From the fairest lips on earth.

And the waters of the lake  
Strangely troubled were ;  
And the mountains seemed to quake  
With unwonted fear ;  
The wild deer started from his bed ;  
The eagle his broad wings out-spread,  
And impelled by strange dismay  
Fiercely screaming soared away.

Majestic Tourk, whose rugged height  
Rises sublime in conscious night,  
Shook at the adjacent torrent's roar,  
Whose raging surges boiling o'er,  
With a thrice augmented shock  
Madly leaped from rock to rock.

And that dark lake,\* which rises on  
The fairy-height of Mangerton,  
By summer suns untouched and cold,  
As secret sorrow, swelled and rolled,

\* The devil's punchbowl.





Convulsed and swoln as when at first  
From its volcanic depths it burst.

And that small isle\* whose baleful name  
Bespeaks it of satanic fame,  
Trembling beneath the like alarm,  
Reeled like a vessel in a storm ;  
And night, before its time came on,  
As if to hide what had been done.

Exulting in his power, the chief  
Enjoyed his dream of pleasure brief,  
Now crowned with spoils of carnage  
drear,

The pride of that half-barbarous  
time ;

Now cleaving eagle-like the air,  
To many a fair and distant clime,  
The temple of majestic Rome,  
Teeming with sacred memories ;

\* The devil's island.

The wandering Arab's desert home ;  
The smiling shores of classic Greece ;  
The gorgeous empire of the east,  
Breathing the soul of poetry,  
And love by blushing flowers exprest,  
The simplest emblems that may be  
Of those unsullied feelings, rife  
With inspiration, hope, and life ;  
The hidden glories of the seas,  
Rich in their emerald palaces ;  
And ruddy fields of coral too,  
That blushes at its own warm hue ;  
And crystal mirrors, for the fair  
Sea-maids to view their faces in,  
While combing down their soft green  
hair,  
Of which they are exceeding vain,  
Or jewelling their foreheads white,  
With purest pearls, or diamonds bright,  
Such pearls, had Cleopatra known,  
They never had been melted down

At once to dazzle, and allure  
Her half-bewildered paramour ;  
Such diamonds—one would dim the  
    blaze  
Of twice ten thousand taper's rays.

All these the warrior viewed at will,  
By virtue of the fairy-spell,  
And decked his palace with the spoil  
    Of every land beneath the sky ;  
Not he who sent to Lebanon  
    For wood to build his sanctuary,  
And over-laid with purest ore  
Of costly gold (a precious store)  
The sacred house, and oracle  
    Where, too, gigantic cherubs spread  
Their glittering wings from wall to wall,  
    And dazzled with their brightness  
    dread  
The gazer's view, as when the rays  
Of tropic suns send forth their blaze,

Had greater riches to endue  
His temple, than O'Donoghoe  
To grace *his* palaces and shrines,  
From teeming seas, and sparkling mines.

Then famed afar for its renown  
Killarney was thy fairy-town ;  
Watered by bubbling streams, that  
rolled

Their tiny waves o'er sands of gold,  
And every stream its goddess had  
Of crystal framed with curious skill,  
Whose locks of emerald fair, display'd  
In careless grace, around her fell.

And every close-embower'd grove,  
Perfumed with flowers of choicest hue,  
Sacred to music, or to love,  
Had its presiding goddess too,  
While the brave warrior's fairer bride  
Above them all was deified !

But fairy-favours, like the spell  
Of glamour o'er deluded sense,  
One fatal moment can dispel,  
Albeit their late magnificence ;  
Which proves as plainly as ought can  
This homely truth, " ill got, ill gone."

The lady, not content to share  
Such sovereign state, such treasures rare,  
Had just enough of mother Eve's  
Ill-fated curiosity,  
To feel a tantalizing wish  
Some sample of his skill to see,  
And pined amid her gorgeous bowers,  
And ceased to tend her favorite flowers,  
And left her golden harp unstrung,  
And left her melting songs unsung,  
Which echo, from " resounding" Ross\*  
Prolonged, as she enamoured was

\* See Appendix, Note 12.

Of those sweet tones—the jewels rare  
She tore disdainful from her hair,  
For very rancour and despair.

The wife of Midas, did not feel  
More ardent longings to reveal  
The secret of that “royal pair  
Of asses ears,” which ’neath his hair  
Her kingly spouse was doomed to wear,  
What time the shepherd minstrel won  
His praise before Latona’s son,\*  
Than she, some wondrous feat to see  
Of his unearthly agency.

Long time her prayers he would not  
list,

Now turning off in playful jest  
Her curious wish, and chiding now  
Her pouting plaint with angry brow.

See Appendix, Note 13.

But to his foes, however rude,  
Gentle and yielding was his mood,  
When woman, weak, and mild, and  
    sad,  
Betrayed what softer sense he had,  
Into compassion—so we 're told  
Hath fared full many a warrior bold ;  
For woman still has had her way  
From Samson's to the present day.

'Twas late in spring-time, when the  
    eye  
Of summer twinkled from the sky  
At intervals upon the earth,  
As if impatient to shine forth ;  
And perfumes rich, and wild bees hum-  
    ming,  
Gave notice of her speedy coming ;  
When proud and happy Maoldhun  
Reclined his palace home within.

Thoughtful he seemed, but 'twas that  
calm

And stealing thoughtfulness which  
steeps

The drowsy heart in odorous balm,  
What time the eye nor wakes, nor  
sleeps,

But sees a thousand varying beams  
Shook from the wings of pleasing dreams.

Near him his gentle lady stood,  
Her thoughts intent on nothing good,  
With lightning speed from plan to plan,  
For compassing her end they ran.

Knit as she might her regal brow,  
It would not make him break his vow ;  
Pout as she might her pretty lip,  
The fatal secret he *would* keep ;  
Storm as she might, or aye maintain  
A sullen silence, all was vain ;



He'd not be cowed—(men seldom are)  
By covert threats of social war.

Was ever dame, so young and bright,  
In such a pitiable plight ;  
Some better method she must try,  
For gain her point she will, or die !

Struck with a thought, which lent her  
face  
A new and most expressive grace,  
(Electric-like occurred the change,  
But in such case it was not strange)  
Her lowering looks grew clear as when  
She made him the most blest of men,  
Retaining just that nice degree  
Of shade which tells, however bright  
be  
The surface of our destiny,  
We 're not so happy as we might be.

She took her harp, that harp whose  
    tone  
One rival had, and one alone,  
When echo caught the closing strain,  
And waked its melody again,  
Till with such music rang the air  
You'd think an angel host were there ;  
She touched the chords, untouched so  
    long,  
Then tried the power of plaintive song :

#### THE LADY'S SONG.

I would depart when morning skies  
Ope on the world their dewy eyes,  
When balmy flowers, within their bowers  
    Shake off night's reveries ;  
And warbling through the waving trees  
Wild song-birds wake their melodies  
From joys so sweet, for others meet  
    Whose hopes are not all dim ;

I would depart, my voiceless heart  
Hath no response for them.

I would depart, when noon-day bright  
Pours out her vial of delight,  
O'erpowering with its odorous breath  
All things that bloom the skies beneath.  
Which in their silent trance express  
The mystic spell of happiness ;  
From such repose, more meet for those  
Who still of peace can dream ;  
I would depart, my restless heart  
Can have no part in them.

I would depart, I would begone  
When slowly sinks the setting sun,  
When shadows pale, in lowly vale,  
Declining light bewail ;  
When o'er the palace, and the tomb,  
Falls all alike the sickly gloom ;

When in their bowers, the drooping  
flowers,

Shrink from the shadows dim ;  
My life of woes, I'd gladly close,  
And fall asleep with them.

Not heedless fell that strain upon  
The ear of princely Maoldhun,  
And truthfully the dame divined  
All that was passing in his mind,  
Of tender pity, strong in those  
Whose nature no mean passion knows.

But why prolong the mournful tale—  
Now was her moment to prevail—  
She stole behind his lordly seat ;  
She thrilled his brow with kisses sweet,  
And vowed a thousand vows to be  
Proof against all that she should see,  
However dread his magic might,  
Let others yield to weak affright.

But wherefore should *she* fear to view  
The feats of her O'Donoghoe,  
The friend and lover of her youth ;  
Such doubts but wronged her heart  
    in sooth ;  
Small value on that love is set  
Which doth not confidence beget ;

Let others play the cruel part  
Of breaking a devoted heart,  
But far be such unmanly sin  
From princely-minded Maoldhun,  
For droop she will, and die she must,  
If deemed unworthy of his trust.

Won by her words, or goaded by  
His fairy-foes malignity,  
The yielding chieftain felt compelled  
To grant the boon so long withheld,  
And—(marvellous tale, as ever yet  
In fancy's wildest mood was writ)

Swift through the opposing walls he  
    sped ;

Here his fleet limbs, and there his  
    head !

Loud shrieked the lady ; well she might,  
Who would not shriek at such a sight ?

But lo ! what forms are these that  
    take

Their noisy flight across the lake ?  
One leads the way, like a meteor ray,

When it shoots athwart the sky,  
Triumphant ire, in sparks of fire,  
Is flashing from her eye ;

And the voice which threw, o'er  
    O'Donoghoe,

So exquisite a charm,  
Is sending on high a terrible cry,  
At whose jarring sound, from their  
    slumbers, bound

The demons of the storm.

As they follow her trail, they take up  
her wail,  
Augmenting the loud alarm,  
And with beckoning hand, the waves  
command  
Their foamy bands to form.

As pillars of the desert sand  
Speed onward at the tempest's  
breath,  
Obedient to their dire command  
Uprose those ministers of death.

In upper air erect they rear  
Their snowy crests, as if to mock  
Whatever earthly power would dare  
Withstand their overwhelming shock.

The spell is broken—vengeance keen  
Hath doomed the town, and all therein ;  
No might of mortal man can save  
Its glories from a living grave.

Loud rose the yellings of despair—  
The shrieks of mothers rent the air—  
The cries of children shrill and weak—  
The groans of age, too full to speak—  
The mountain tops were crowded o'er  
With wretches from the flooded shore,  
Up-springing like the bounding roe,  
Where late the stoutest feared to go ;  
But still the augmented waves poured  
on,

And rose, and rose, till all were gone,  
Then gradually subsided down ;  
But in the lake entombed the town,  
Which still in calm and sunshine fair,  
The eye may catch a glimpse of there.

But whence that ringing laugh, sent  
forth

From lips of more than mortal birth ;  
A strange, and wild, and fearful sound  
While desolation sleeps around.



Hark ! 'tis the ministers of fate,  
Led by the spirit of the stream,  
Seizing the lordly reprobate,  
Whose thoughts can scarcely compass yet  
The circle of his shame.

\* \* \* \*

They bound him in the prison drear,  
Where pined his foes for many a year ;  
There gnawed upon by fell dismay,  
He lingers till the judgment day ;  
There fettered in his living tomb,  
Unbroken darkness is his doom ;  
While near Mucross, his charger fair,  
On whom he cleaved the subtle air,  
When he annihilated space,  
Through that false fairy's fatal grace,  
Changed to a rock, stands boldly out  
For angry waves to rage about,  
And still a rude resemblance bears  
To what it was in other years.

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## Part Sixth.

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### INTRODUCTION.

She was always before him wherever he went,  
Her eye as a watch-light upon him was bent—  
At morn when the spring-flower waked from its  
dreams,

She smiled in the brightness of youth's rosy beams,  
And looked as she did, when the innocent song  
Of the fairy-like creature, around his heart rung.

She was always before him wherever he went,  
Her eye as a watch-light upon him was bent—  
When the glories of noon-day illumined the sky,  
And the half-drooping flowers seemed fainting  
with joy,

When the low-breathing zephyr scarce audibly  
sighed,

And the red rose he woo'd by her blushes replied,  
She looked as she did, when in love's whispered  
tone

He sought those affections already his own.

She was always before him wherever he went,  
Her eye as a watch-light upon him was bent—  
When evening lay pale on the bosom of night,  
And the moon's shrouded beams gave no promise  
of light,

She still was before him, and looked as she did  
When the phantom light sank which to ruin had  
    led,  
When the last shriek of agony burst from her lip,  
When the last tear was shed that she ever could  
    weep.

In the halls of the mirthful, with happy smiles lit,  
'Mid the silence of thought, and the gloom of  
    regret,  
She still is before him, pale, pale as the wrath  
Of the spectre that stands in the murderer's path ;  
Like the robe of the Centaur she clings to his soul,  
He is tortured, is maddened, beneath her control.  
Awake, or asleep, between him and repose,  
For ever, for ever, her shadow she throws.

---

"—— All life's sorrow holds not a pain  
That could equal the anguish of meeting again."

---

Not another, not another  
    In the wide, wide world I see ;  
Father, mother, sister, brother,  
Not another, not another,  
    To divide my heart with thee.

---

Here Agnes ceased, but long ere now  
Had slumber sealed her father's brow

In sweet oblivion ; and her heart,  
No longer forced to hide its pain,  
Could ponder on the dreary part  
'Twas destined to sustain.

She sunk upon her trembling knees,  
As guiltless wo is wont to do,  
And wrapt in prayerful reveries,  
Unmarked the moments flew,  
Till that weak voice she loved to hear  
Fell startingly upon her ear :—

“Art thou there, my child, my treasure?”

“Yes, father,” she replied,  
As she brushed with tender readiness  
Her lingering tears aside.

“I had a dream, my daughter,  
Of mysterious import,  
While thy voice to softest slumber  
Lulled my heavy-laden heart.

“ Bright as the beam of morning-tide  
Thy mother stood my couch beside,  
And beckoning me with shadowy hand  
To follow her, she glided by ;  
Obedient to her mute command,  
I followed, borne mysteriously  
O'er many a darkly rolling sea,  
Until we reached a foreign land—  
A land of loveliness and light,  
Where the sun by day, and the moon  
by night,  
Pour down a flood of rays sublime,  
Undreamed of in our colder clime ;  
Where the wild birds float on pinions  
rare,  
Where the fragrant lime-trees scent  
the air,  
When evening's dews descend :  
And a thousand rills, from their verdant hills,  
The thirsty vales befriend ;

Where the mountain tops like a forest  
rise,

And the delicate flowers,

Enrich the bowers

With innumerable dyes,

Till nature's self, with a wondering smile,

Regards the fruit of her precious toil,

And nought seems wanting, save gos-  
pel grace,

To crown the bliss of the dusky race.

“ On the gentle swell of a little hill,

Mid that dusky race, two forms were  
standing,

The one in manhood's early prime,

Yet wearing on his brow sublime

A grace half playful, half command-  
ing,

A halo of light from his presence shone ;

More green was the turf that he trod  
upon ;

Brighter, and richer, the matchless  
hue  
Of the clustering flowers that round  
him grew,  
More balmily laden they breezes were  
As they sighed thro' the wave of his  
yellow hair,  
And all fair things wore a tint more  
fair,  
More tenderly pure than they wore else-  
where,  
For the *spirit* of *holiness* hovered there.  
The other that beside him stood,  
Arrayed in glorious womanhood,  
Whose eyes like crystal founts o'er-  
flowed  
With heavenly love, and gratitude  
To Him at whose divine command  
They preached salvation to that land  
So favored, yet so sin defiled,  
Was even thyself, my own, my child !

“ Low at that god-like stranger’s feet  
Lay coiled a snake without a sting,  
And closely in thy sheltering breast  
A spotless dove, was fluttering.

“ Mute with amazement, and delight  
At that most strange, most touching  
sight,  
I dared not of my sainted guide  
Ask what it might betide,  
Till in the exaltation of spiritual love,  
Thus did her voice break forth,  
‘ As wily as the serpent, as harmless  
as the dove,  
God’s ministers on earth !’ ”

As balmy as the fruitful showers  
That call to life spring leaves and  
flowers,  
Her father’s words, though mystical  
Their meaning seemed, on Agnes fell,



Awaking in her sinless mind  
Emotions of the purest kind.

She did not analyze the joy  
From earthly taint so purely free,  
Which thrilled her soul—nor question  
why  
She felt that dream a prophecy.

Whate'er the cause, while thus he spoke,  
She rather sought than shunned the  
yoke

Till now so difficult to bear,  
Howe'er resigned her feelings were.

The horrors of the morrow night  
Receded slowly from her sight,  
And to her weakness strength was  
given,  
That seemed to come direct from  
heaven.

\* \* \* \*

There is a solemn conference  
Between that sire and child,  
And when 'tis o'er he blesses her,  
And kisses off the trembling tear  
Which her fair cheek defiled ;  
Then softly on the sighing air  
Arose their deep-united prayer  
For strength, and faith, and piety  
To do *his* will whate'er it be.

\* \* \* \*

Around M'Carthy's palace hall  
The shades of night unheeded fall,  
For many a taper's vivid ray  
Creates within a mimic day.

The priest in holy trappings dight,  
With brow sedate, and book in  
hand ;

The maidens in their robes of white,  
As gentle and as bright a band  
As any land could bring together,  
The mirror of whose holy youth  
Reflected back the sacred truth  
That virtue was their "nursing mother,"  
Some coming festival await  
In all the pomp of solemn state ;  
M'Carthy's daughter gives her plight  
To her cousin "Eman More" to-night.

Marvel the guests at the solemn hour,  
But she hath willed it so ;  
And the youthful lady cannot be moved  
Her purpose to forego ;  
Her father lies on his dying bed,  
And in seemly sort, should his child  
be wed.

The simple force of her pious love  
To every heart appeals,

Though a superstitious dreaminess  
All sense of pleasure quells,  
And they wait her presence wearily,  
Impatient to be gone ;  
Nor of the rest was Eman More  
The most untroubled one.

With a love as strong, and as refined  
As could be felt by such a mind,  
His chosen bride he had endowed,  
But never, 'neath so dark a cloud  
As that which hangs upon his brow,  
Did happy bridegroom hide his joy !  
O search not his soul's secret now,  
Nor ask the perjured miscreant why  
Ariseth, whether he will or no,  
To his mental vision a form of wo.

Mutely she sits on a blasted tree,  
Her eyes are fixed on vacancy—  
The vacancy of despair ;

While pale on her bosom is shadowed  
forth

The babe, to whom she had given birth,  
To perish in anguish there.

Cold dews burst out from every pore,  
But he soon shakes off his fears ;  
For lo ! at that lordly chamber door  
The bride herself appears.

A floating robe of the palest gray  
Gracefully forms her chaste array,  
And the falling folds of a snow-white  
veil


The sweetest of earthly smiles conceal.

Not unattended came the bride,  
A maiden trembled by her side,  
As if her young and slender frame  
Some strong emotion overcame ;  
A like long robe of palest gray  
Gracefully formed her chaste array ;

A like long veil of snowy white,  
Her gentle features enveloped quite,  
And though the fancy seemed vain and  
wild,  
None had dared to question M'Carthy's  
child.

The nuptial vow is spoken  
In a whisper soft and clear,  
By no emotion broken,  
No throb of maiden fear ;  
The white veil doth not quiver,  
As if conscious of her bliss ;  
Nor the white hand, from the giver  
Of the ring that binds for ever,  
Shrink in seemly bashfulness ;  
Was ever bride so little moved  
In wedding one, so well beloved ?

The nuptial vow is spoken,  
And the bridal kiss alone



Remaineth of those holy rites  
That join two hearts in one :  
The bridegroom tenderly essays  
Her closely folded veil to raise,  
But, starting back from his embrace,  
And rending off her fair disguise,  
She stands before him, face to face,  
With livid cheek, and lightless eyes,  
The embodied image of dismay—  
The ghastly form of *Helen Grey* !

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

A laugh, prolonged and deep,  
From her thin and hueless lip—  
A shrieking voice that said,  
“Thou art wedded to the dead”—  
A light and quick footfall,  
Faintly sounding through the hall ;  
A deadly fear, that fell  
With a more than mortal chill

Each shuddering guest upon,  
And the mystic bride was gone !

Whether she gave to the bodiless air  
The form her shade was permitted to  
wear,

Or found in the depth of Killarney's  
wave

The peace of an earth-prisoned suffer-  
er's grave,

Never was known, nor ever will be  
Till time lose itself in eternity.

But from Eman More, her vengeance  
sore,

Passed not so lightly by ;  
It ran through his blood, like a lava  
flood,  
And it flamed within his eye.

It reft his young days of reason's rays,  
Nor paused in its mad'ning rage



When the hand of time dethroned  
his prime,  
And set up weak, old age.

One doleful sound, one dismal voice  
Rings ever in his ear ;  
When Nature bids the world rejoice,  
*He* only cannot hear.

No other sound, no other sound  
To cheer him, night or day ;  
Though years, that seem like ages, pass  
Unwillingly away.

He cannot find, among his kind,  
One solacer of pain ;  
Their voices come like the distant hum  
Of a city on his brain.

One only sound, one only sound  
Proclaims in accents dread

The horrid truth that stuns his ear,

“Thou ’rt wedded to the dead.”

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

A youthful preacher of the Word

Has come from Scotia's shore ;

He thinks to stay the bridal day

Of the traitor “Eman More,”

And he looks with mingled hope and  
fear,

Some tidings of Helen Grey to hear.

\* \* \* \*

He comes to a house of mourning,

And of superstitious dread—

On the night of those fatal nuptials

M'Carthy's spirit fled,

And his orphan child, abandoned

By the fanatic, or weak,

Sits by her pallid father

With a scarce less pallid cheek ;

Her nurse alone takes a mother's part  
In soothing the pain of that aching  
heart.

With the bashful grace of maidenhood,  
She tremblingly poured forth  
All that she knew of Helen Grey,  
To this stranger from the north,  
And day by day, and night by night,  
He tracked the suppositious flight  
Of that poor fugitive, until  
He almost felt compelled to own  
That some commissioned spirit's skill  
Her earthly semblance had put on,  
The seeds of retributive wrath  
To scatter on *his* guilty path,  
Who would have dared to blaspheme  
truth  
By plighting an unholy vow  
To *her*, the advent of whose youth  
Was spotless as her brow.

\* \* \* \*

The daughter of M'Carthy More  
Sits silent in her bower ;  
She watches not, as once she watched  
The deep'ning twilight hour ;  
Her thoughts pursue no wandering  
sprite ;  
They're with the sainted dead !  
Again she clasps her father's hand,  
She kneels beside his bed ;  
Again she hears his mellow voice,  
While tears unconscious stream ;  
Again her rapt attention hangs  
Upon his dying dream.

To every word, an answering chord  
Vibrates within her soul,  
For o'er that dream hath Wyndham's  
name  
A mystical control.

Was his the form beside her standing  
In manhood's early prime,  
With a grace half-playful, half-commanding,  
Upon his brow sublime.  
She could not sever the hallowed  
twain ;  
O do not deem her fancy vain ;  
It seemed to her—'twould seem to all  
On whose weary way the gracious  
ray  
Of his smile should chance to fall,  
That far as extendeth the world's extreme  
There dwelt not another resembling  
him.

\* \* \* \*

He passed away from Erin's shore,  
But passed not as he came,  
For with him, as his bride, he bore  
A young and noble dame ;

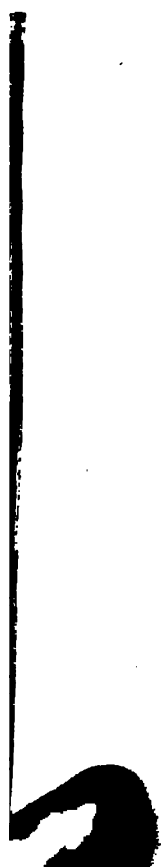
The best and brightest beneath the sun,  
In sorrow woo'd and in sorrow won.

And when he sailed to a land of light,  
Where the sun by day, and the moon  
by night,

Pour down a flood of rays sublime,  
Undreamed of in our colder clime,  
His sweet companion, who had left

The country of her youth,  
To sow in many a barren waste  
The seed of gospel truth,  
Was still through every changing ill  
His solace, and his guide :  
The daughter of M'Carthy More  
Was that devoted bride.





## Appendix,

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### Note 1.

Antonia de Ulloa in Mr. St. John's "Lives of Celebrated Travellers," a book no doubt familiar to all those whose vivid imaginations love to outstrip distance and time with electro-telagraphic speed, and traverse sandy deserts, and scale "heaven-capped" mountains without the trouble of physical locomotion, gives a very interesting account of his ascent to the summit of Pichincha. After describing a fog so dense that an object at eight or ten paces was hardly discernible, he says—"When the fog cleared up, the clouds by their gravity moved nearer the earth, and on all sides surrounded the mountain to a vast distance, representing the sea, with our rock, like an island in the centre of it. When this happened we heard the horrid noises of the tempests when they discharged themselves on Quito and the neighbouring country. We saw the lightning issue from the clouds, and heard the thunder roll from beneath us, and while the lower parts were involved in tempests of thunder and rain, we ourselves enjoyed a delightful serenity—the wind was abated—the sky clear—and the enlivening rays of the sun moderated the severity of the cold." (vol. iii. page 27). The words of the Psalmist are as applicable to those that travel by land as by sea: they also "see the wonders of the Lord" in everything he has created, from the high aspiring mountain to the insect hard to scan.



## Note 2.

Crossing the desert of Lop the guides were accustomed to beguile the time with wild legends of malignant demons, who practised innumerable arts to beguile the unwary traveller to separate himself from his companions, the result of which was certain death.—See Mr. St. John's *Lives of Celebrated Travellers*.

## Note 3.

“Among the extraordinary trees and plants which grow upon this mountain (Serendib),” says Ibn Batuta, “is that red rose about the size of the palm of the hand, upon the leaves of which the Mahomedans believe they can read the name of God, and of the prophet.” In his interesting account of that mountain, he also describes (if I may be permitted to touch on what is irrelevant to my present subject) the sacred cypress tree, the leaves of which never fall, or if they do, drop off, so seldom that it is thought the person who finds one and eats it will return again to the blooming season of youth, however old he may be. Our traveller in passing saw several Jogeas beneath it, watching for the dropping of a leaf.—See *Lives of Celebrated Travellers*.

## Note 4.

The extraordinary veneration in which this nominal relationship is held by the Irish, has been the subject of many a pen. “I am his foster brother” was the laconic,

but decisive reply of a poor peasant, who laid down his life for his friend," when those who sat in judgment upon him bade him take five minutes to give up the fugitive and live.—See the Foster Brother by W. Carleton, Esq., Irish Penny Journal, vol. i. page 338.

But this national peculiarity is not exemplified alone in tales and legends, history records affecting instances of the sacred self-devotedness almost inseparable from this mysterious union of hearts, and every violation of its purity has always been regarded with execration and horror To quote one case out of many; the chief odium which attaches itself to the name of that "white livered traitor" Parese, who to secure his own emolument and safety betrayed his master Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, otherwise Silken Thomas (with whose rebellion in the reign of Henry VIII., my readers are no doubt familiar) is that he was his "foster brother."

#### Note 5.

There are few superstitions more generally received in Ireland than that of the Banshee; nor is it confined to the lower classes. Well do I remember in "the days of lang syne" hearing a gentleman of ancient Irish descent—no mean education, and of unimpeachable veracity—solemnly aver that mortality in his family from time immemorial had been heralded by the wail of the banshee. In my brief sketch of M'Carthy More,

Daily descending by slow decay  
To the last retreat of man,

I have been aided by some mournful memories of that beloved friend who retained despite the ravages of a painless but fatal disease,

The pride of the old Milesian clan  
Still bright'ning o'er his brow.

If you have lost a dear friend, gentle reader, you will sympathise with this wandering into the past; if you have not, I will depend upon the kindly temper of your mind to forgive an involuntary trespass on your patience.

#### Note 6.

If any of my readers, when weary of common-places, have felt disposed to take an occasional peep into the world of shadows, they will doubtless recollect that according to all historians of the marvellous in nature, a ghost cannot speak to the individual whom it chooses to visit unless the aforesaid individual has the courage to commence the conversation.

#### Note 7.

Any one who has "rowed the Bonnie Bark" over the waters of Killarney without encountering one or more of the squalls incident to this locality, may rejoice in a greater degree of good fortune than falls to the lot of most tourists. Yet I doubt if he has much cause to congratulate himself—for my part, I enjoyed the impotent rage of the torrent beating on my well-muffled head and

heavy cloak, as if it intended taking a desperate revenge for some unknown slight I had offered to the united elements of wind and water ; but most of all, I enjoyed the spectre-like appearance of the storm-foreseeing cranes, which

——— Long ere now  
Nestled on each o'er-ahadowing bough,  
While heaven was one irradiate blaze,  
Their keen eyes pierced the gathering haze,  
By that fine instinct wisely shrined  
In creatures of the meanest kind.

The skies above were so bright, and the waters beneath so calm when I observed these birds peering at us from the dense foliage of the little islands on every side, that I was inclined to be sceptical when the boatmen prophesied a coming storm, though the prediction was speedily verified.

#### Note 8.

Though I have supposed this legend to emanate from the lips of M'Carthy's daughter, who we would naturally presume to be orthodox in her account of the great O'Donoghoe, I must plead guilty of having given imagination the reins, and yielding myself up to her guidance in most of the details except the sacking of the holy isle (Innisfallen), a matter I believe of history, and the extraordinary proof given by O'Donoghoe of his locomotive powers which hastens on the catastrophe. This last act of the great chief, as related to me by one of the Killarney boatmen, with that humour peculiar to the Irish, struck my fancy not a little, and as I have never

met with it in any account of *the O'Donoughoe* up to the present time, I content myself with the hope that it possesses the charm of novelty, if no other.

Should my legend be too inaccurate to please the learned, or too wild to please the grave, or too long to please the impatient, I request that all its faults be laid to the charge of "the daughter of M'Carthy More," whose state of mind during the recital would naturally prevent her from paying much attention to either accuracy, or gravity, or time.

#### Note 9.

The monastery of Mucross was founded by M'Carthy More, Prince of Desmond; it is situated on Loch Lein, the lower lake. The vault of the M'Carthy More is placed in the centre of the choir.

"As the antiquities and other objects of interest will be pointed out and minutely dwelt upon by the person who acts as cicerone," says Mr. W. D. Fitzpatrick in his *Guide to Killarney, &c.*—"It would be only subjecting my readers to the misery of a twice told tale to intrude any observations of my own upon their notice; one object, however, is worthy of a passing remark. After ascending the ruins, a recess in the wall called 'Drake's bed' is pointed out, in which an accomplished foreigner not long since passed four years in solitude, as it is supposed in penance for some unknown crime. It was protected from the inclemency of the seasons only by a partition formed of half-decayed coffin boards collected from the cemetery; and his bed was composed of the grass

gathered from the graves of those around him. In this dismal scene he ever appeared cheerful to those who visited his cell; and conversed with them in all the modern languages. At length when the period of his supposed penance had expired, he suddenly departed from his hermitage, leaving his real name and motives alike unrevealed."—page 56.

Of the more marvellous accounts of this extraordinary being the following random rhyme is a brief summary—

Yet hath the tongue of marvellous fame  
 Been busy with the hermit's name ;  
 Wild superstition hath assigned  
 His place amongst the demon-kind.  
 'Tis said he held strange vigils on  
 Demon-haunted Mangerton,  
 From whence descending in his boat  
 Of coffin planks, he'd swiftly float  
 Without, or rudder, sail, or oar,  
 In safety to the Mucross shore.  
 But wo to him whose luckless eye  
 Beheld him as he speeded by ;  
 His presence, as a deadly spell,  
 Was sure to work some grievous ill—  
 An ill, no mortal power could shun  
 Before another day begun.

#### Note 10.

" The monastery of Innisfallen, founded about a thousand years ago, was at one time possessed of great wealth ;" says Mr. W. D. Fitzpatrick, in his Guide to Killarney, " which excited the avarice of the neighbouring chief to its destruction, who landed at night with his followers, butchered the monks in cold blood, and burned

the abbey, by which the celebrated 'annals' here written were in a great measure destroyed." The name of this chief I remember reading in some ancient history of Ireland, the author of which I am not quite sure of, was Maeldhun O'Donoghoe.

Note 11.

"The days of visible poetry long are past." We might float from July to eternity, to use a transatlantic phrase, over the fairy lakes, in this matter of-fact-age of ours, without seeing a fairy. There is enough, indeed, in the scenery to enchant the dullest imagination. Who can look on the ruins of Ross Castle, which once breathed the soul of warlike power—where

Ludlow, joined by Broghill, drove  
The remnant of the Celtic band  
What time intestine warfare strove  
With bloody rule to sway the land.

Or climb the rugged ascent to Tourke's Cascade, with its somewhat precise rows of poplars bending proudly to each other from the opposing sides, with a dignity somewhat regal. Or standing on the brow of Mangerton, take in at a glance

————— The fair

And gentle waters of Kenmare;  
The Reeks upshooting in their pride;  
The shores of Kerry—and the wide  
Spread coast of Bantry—Castle Main  
And Miltown Bay, and Dingle fair.

\* \* \* \*

Or hear echo awaken up her spirit choir, which sleep

among the hills, without a host of sublime emotions rushing to his heart, called up by wizard memory from the tomb of "the years of ancient times." We might circumnavigate O'Donoghoe's prison till the day of that royal chieftain's release, which is veritably pronounced to be the day of doom, without hearing one of those groans of anguish his sufferings might be reasonably expected to call forth. We might watch the live-long night beneath the yew, whose gigantic branches throw their sepulchral shadow over the cloister of Mucross, without a single phantom (if we except the airy creations of fancy) bursting its dark prison to moralize upon the nothingness of all human glory. No; such wonders have not descended to us who have "fallen upon" these days, and in consequence we are obliged to content ourselves with comparative common-places. For my part, I am candid enough to acknowledge that on one occasion while we were wending our liquid way amongst the enchanting and ever-varying beauties which have been so often and so ably described, I was sufficiently amused by the following heterogeneous collection of absurdities done into rhyme, that I transcribe it from memory for the amusement of my most patient reader, whom I pray to remember, if he consider my kind attempt to amuse him childish, that the wiser the man the more easily he assimilates his mind to trifles—*pour passe le temps*.

## BOATMAN'S SONG.

"Who are you that looks so fair  
Sailing by the bay of Gleng?  
Are you Cleopatra,  
Or the famous Queen of Sheba?



"Are you great Semiramis,  
Or the mother of Dionysus?  
Are you Queen Victoria,  
Or are you one of the old Milesians?"

"I'm not great Semiramis,  
Nor the mother of Dionysus;  
I'm not Queen Victoria,  
But I think I'm one of the old Milesians.

"Did you never hear of me?  
Though I'm not the Queen of Sheba.  
Did you never hear of me?  
I'm the famous Nora Creina.

"Who are you that asks my name?  
Thomas Ray or Julius Cæsar,  
M'Carthy More, or Robert Peel,  
O'Rourke the piper, or Nebuchadnezzar."

"I'm not O'Rourke the piper bold,  
Julius Cæsar, or M'Carthy,  
Nebuchadnezzar, or Robert Peel,  
I'm Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Did you never hear of me?  
I'm from the isle of St. Helena;  
Did you never hear of me,  
And you the famous Nora Creina?"

"Will you sup with me to-night?  
I'll lend you both a horse and crupper;  
Will you sup with me to-night,  
And I'll tell you who we'll have at supper.

"We 'll have O'Donoghoe of the lakes,  
Than whom no horseman can ride faster;  
M'Gillicuddy of the Reeks,  
Dan O'Connell, and Leslie Foster.

‘ We ‘ll have the great M‘Carthy More,  
George the Fourth, with cead-milla-failthe,  
Tom Maguire, and parson Gregg ;  
Oliver Cromwell, and Father Matthew.

“ We ‘ll have the bold O’Sullivan,  
The O’Connor Don, so hale and hearty ;  
And we ‘ll have a piper from the town  
To give the finish to our party.

**Note 12.**

Ross Castle was formerly a royal residence, being the seat of the lords of the lake, who assumed the title of kings. The family of O'Donoghoe were the last who bore this title.—Dublin Penny Journal.

**Note 13.**

The heathen gods were no less remarkable for inflicting prompt punishment on any unlucky “wight” who chanced to provoke their wrath, than for the ready wit with which they suited the punishment to the offence ; thus we read that king Midas had his natural organs of sound changed by Apollo into asses ears, for being so ill a judge of music as to prefer the voice of Pan the shepherd god, to his, when those two divinities sang before him. My readers are no doubt familiar with Dryden’s humorous description of the method taken by that ancient monarch’s wife to relieve her mind of a burden which evil report declares passeth the moral strength of

woman to bear, viz.—a secret. Her indulgent husband, doubtless unwilling that any concealment should exist between them, made her acquainted with his misfortune, on condition that the communication should be held sacred from all living creatures, and as she was loathe to repay his generosity with treachery, and yet was utterly unable to keep the trust reposed in her, she had recourse to a neighbouring stream, on the margin of which she lay down, and whispered to the listening waters

O stream... ..

The king, my husband, wears beneath his hairs

A goodly, royal pair of asses ears!!

THE END.

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